FE IN NEW-YORK.

...s of each eve, so that he ...to see when he sleeps
Sport. Mag.

OTING.
...f our friends to furnish ...equal to the facts detail... ...oting. We rather think ...be found on record in ...

...English and American ...frequently read of sur... ...shooting, both in the ...and the succession of ...At this moment, there ...occur to me—but I am ...is nothing to be found ...ich, in the succession of ...ed the performance of ...who some time in the ...killed and bagged one ...in a career, out of one ...Perhaps, however, ...duced of a greater num... ...as he had killed about ...it it is doubtful whether ...record of but two birds ...shot and eleven shots.— ...ow difficult it is to shoot ...particularly in woodcock ...thick alders and birches, ...ve fallen—this must be ...easy indeed; but Mr. B. ...his sagacity in finding ...cess in shooting it, for ...better knowledge of the ...bse. It has been remark... ...man, that it is a sufficient ...for the gentleman with him ...self and I have often ...s of his shots upon the ...ly deprived of life, cons... ...his dog but which the ... ...knows exactly where to ...hit, without falling, he ...d will get away, or ...we shall find him dead ...for rabbits, squirrels and ...e fate, and it is death for ...s his path. Those who ...character of Mr. B. are ...ather shun than seek a ...their confidence in his ...d be backed against any ...States. S.—*Sport. Mag.*

...ressing Room, ...DWAY.
...omas Stokes & Son.
...travelling Broadway, ...that I say, ...om of Bonfiste ...uth what I have saw, ...willingly draw ...the spot.
...shed with taste, ...miently placed, ...atest French linen, ...r steel, ...a desk ...ever have been in. ...to advance, ...ensures in France, ...nished the graces; ...firmness a hair, ...out air, ...t of their faces. ...da a steel, ...scarcely can feel, ...the father so soft; ...ke all in all, ...I surely shall call, ...ressing Room, off. A FRIEND TO LUXURY.

...PHILLIPS,
...f the City and County of ...e personally to the Sales ...of the City; also, Real ...Case, &c. &c. Office, 218, ...orders will be thankfully re... ...attended to.

...OX, Jr.
...80 CEDAR STREET ...ectfully informs his friends ...be continues to *Dye, scour* ...the shortest notice, and on ...erms. New collars, cuffs ...on coats. ...attended to in any part of the ...for coast off clothes. jl11 1y

...FROB.
...ISSAT & BENJAMIN ...have associated themselves ...of CASSAT & HUTCH... ...of transacting a general ...forwarding Business,
...ill taken the warehouse No ...from Water street, recently ...Messrs. Adams, jr. & Co. ...on hand, and intend con... ...ble assortment of

...ceries,
...of Pennsylvania Manufac... ...ch they offer for sale on the ... 1832

...Establishment.
...respectfully informs the Wes... ...that he has recently opened ...tensive plan, in the city of ...made such arrangements ...l at the lowest New-York ...er cent. cheaper than any ...country—Eastern *writing* ...ts taken in Exchange at ...
J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa.

...ERS.
...SYLVESTER, N. Y. ...ERS and AMERICAN Peri... ...at the Pittsburgh Store.

...INTERS.
...K BROTHER,
...their Type and Stereotype ...26 Gold street, corner of ...and having greatly enlar... ...prepared to execute orders ...All notices required by ...ribe at the manufacturer's ...posing Sticks, Cases, &c.

...series of Fonts from Pica ...the fire and beautiful out... ...great confidence, as being ...The following are their ...ther Foundries) of 6 months ...at discounts for cash

	Per lb.
...all Burger	24 cts.
...Pica	20
...Long Primer, Paragon,	22
...Small Pica,	24
...Pica	36
...Long Primer	40
...Small Pica	46
...Pica	56
...Long Primer	70
...Small Pica	90
...Pica	1.10
...Long Primer	1.40
...Small Pica	2.00

...the Type Foundry, in pro... ...BROTHER, cast their book ...of a metal much lighter ...in use and which they will ...durable. ...ly for the sale of the ...manufacture of by R. Hoe & ...nshington Press, invented by ...

...ere the prices at 6 months ...1, 1831. Super Royal, 8 cts ...to 2—200, No 3 8275, ...mb. 1832.

Bignall's Prize Office,
144 Broadway.
☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.
Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND READING ROOM.
THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets*, in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds excepting inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.
H. PATTINSON.
N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

March Trade Sale.
THE subscribers notify the trade that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already prepared, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the trade. The assortment of Blank Stock to be sold in this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond copies. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plates; the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.
There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.
The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.
Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.
Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these periodical sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for the property.
Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after that date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.
Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments; consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.
Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges adhere to before.
PEARSON & GURLEY,
New York Long Room, 169 Broadway.
New York City, Jan. 13, 1832.

J. Taylor,
FANCY BALL DRESS-MAKER
No. 36 BOWERY.
Costume of every Nation ready for Sale or Hire.

TO PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.
THE subscriber, TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER, respectfully informs the TRADE, that he is stereotyping the following valuable works, specimen pages of which will shortly be forwarded to them, with the prices of the stereotype plates affixed to each, and also the price of the copy-right of the Treasury of Knowledge.
The Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference, (on the plan of Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge,) containing—
A Comprehensive English Grammer, prepared for this work by Goold Brown, author of institutes of English Grammar, &c.
An English Dictionary, to which are prefixed English Verbal Distinctions, classed and illustrated by Lyman Cobb author of the Spelling Book, School Dictionary, and Juvenile Reader.
A New Universal Gazetteer, derived from the latest authorities, with Population and other tables prepared by Edwin Williams, author of the New York Annual Register.
A Comprehensive Classical Dictionary, followed by proper Scripture Names, accented.
A Chronological Analysis of General History; A Dictionary of Law Terms, and various useful Addenda—by a gentleman of the New York Bar, Graduate of Columbia College.
Register's comprehensive Bible, (on a new type cut expressly for this work) containing the Old and New Testaments according to the authorised version, with the various readings and marginal notes usually printed thereon. A general introduction, containing disquisitions on the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of The Holy Scriptures—various divisions and marks of distinctions in the Sacred Writings, ancient version, coins, weights and measures, various sects among the Jews; Introduction and concluding remarks to each book. The parallel passages, contained in Rev. T. Scott's commentary in 6 vols; Cameron Bible; Rev. J. Brown's self interpreting Bible, 2 vols; Dr. Adam Clark's Commentary, 7 vols; and the English version of Bagster's Polyglott Bible, systematically arranged in historical order; an analysis and compendium of the Holy Scriptures; a chronological Index, interspersed with synchronisms of the most important epochs and events in Profane History; an Index of the subjects contained in the Old and New Testaments; an Index to the Notes, Introductions, and concluding Remarks. 1 vol quarto.
The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, (miniature edition,) 1 vol 13 or 32mo, printed from the text of the corrected copies of Stephens and Malone, with a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D. D. and a Glossary on pearl type.
JAMES CONNER, Franklin Buildings, corner of Ann and Nassau-sts. New York.

S. J. Sylvester, 130 Broadway.
KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.
The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to merit the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest integrity, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and to profitably refer to their most sanguinate for the truth of these. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.
Orders from the country will be seen that S. J. S. attends as much to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as in personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.
☞ Orders must be addressed in all cases to
S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York, Pittsburgh, Pa. Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.
N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be hinged in the Book subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

Broadway News Room.
FOUR doors below Maiden lane.—The subs has recently opened at his establishment, 168 Broadway, an extensive Subscription News Room which it is his intention to render as useful and interesting to the public as possible, being determined to spare neither exertion nor expense to attain that end.
The room is spacious, light and airy, and there are now spread about sixty newspapers, comprising all the Literary, Political, and Commercial Papers of the City, and most of those of the principal Cities and Towns of the Union.
In addition to the above, a table will be supplied with all the Quarterly and many of the other literary and scientific Periodicals of our country.
Orders have been sent to England for the Edinburgh Review, the London Quarterly, Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines, and it is the intention of the proprietor to make constant and valuable additions of the most popular publications of this country and of Europe.
To subscribers, will be given the privilege of introducing their friends free of expense.
The room will be open from sunrise until 10 o'clock, P. M. and during the evening will be amply lighted by gas.
The advantages of this establishment to such persons as live within a convenient distance, are great, and the expense is scarcely equal to that of one weekly paper.
The expense per annum to Subscribers will be two dollars;—per Quarter, fifty cents.
Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to this establishment are invited to leave their names at the News Room, where the book is now open.
JOHN L. CLARK, 168 Broadway.

DENTIST
Dr. S. BAKER & SONS,
SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of Footh Powder at a reasonable price; and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth; and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.
We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.
New York, February 1, 1832.

Robert H. Elton,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST. NEW-YORK.
A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Soaps, &c. A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

DENTIST
Dr. I. Francis,
SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving the dead, that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Teri Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1

BRUCE'S
NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY,
ESTABLISHED in 1813.—The subscriber has completed a new edition of his book of Specimens, with which his customers, and other printers disposed to buy from him, may be supplied on application at his Foundry, Nos. 18 and 20 Augustus street, behind the City Hall. He would remark, for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced, that his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete, has been deliberately and carefully in twenty years brought to its present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles adapted to different tastes and to the various departments of printing; Newspaper, Book, and Job, highly finished, and cast of the most serviceable metal. Not to notice the varieties which are distinguished by their numbers in the Book, it contains of RO AN and ITALICK, 27 sizes' from 12 line Pica to Pearl.
TWO LINE and TITLE 15 sizes, Two-line Columbian to Agate.
SHADED, 13 sizes, Two-line Pica to Long Primer.
ITALIAN, 7 sizes, Seven-line Pica to Long Primer.
ANTIQUE, 17 sizes, Ten-line Pica to Nonpareil.
BLACK, 12 sizes, Four-line Pica to Minion.
OPEN BLACK, 5 sizes, Four-line Pica to Great Primer.
SCRIPT, 2 sizes, Double Small Pica and Great Primer.
Besides Musick, Rack Slope, Ornamental Letters and Lottery Figures, Pica Fractions, Superiors, Astronomical and other Signs, Space Rules, Brass Rules, Ornamental Dashes, Long Braces, more than 200 kinds of Flowers, and 1000 Cuts and Ornaments for School Books, Newspapers, and Scientific works.
Orders for any of these, and also for Presses, Chases, Disposing Sticks, Cases, Furniture, Printing Ink, or any thing required in the Printing business, will be executed on the most favourable terms, and with the utmost promptitude, a large stock of the Foundry articles being always on hand.
GEORGE BRUCE.
New-York Jan 28, 1832.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
CHATHAM SQUARE,
CORNER OF MOTT ST., OVER THE DAILY SENTINEL.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISING.

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At the expiration of the year,	8.00
Cash taken in advance, per quarter,	1.00

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Yearly Advertisements, paper included,	$20.00
Advertisements per year, Five diagonals,	15
Do. Do. second do.	25
Do. Do. longer inserted,	10

Yearly Advertisers are required to settle half yearly.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE AND

A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter—News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
OFFICE, CHATHAM-SQUARE, CORNER OF MOTT-STREET.

NEW-YORK; SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 16.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, March 31, 1832.

CRIM. CON.—The readers of the Dailies were edified a short time since, with a long, minute, and circumstancial report of a trial which was recently had in this city, originating in a suit for damages alleged to have been done or committed by the defendant, in the shape of a *criminal conversation* with the wife of the plaintiff. The case has excited considerable interest, as, aside from its *extrinsic merits*, it has the honor of being the first of the kind that ever occurred in this region. We trust every reader is endowed with a slight sprinkling of common sense, just to enable him to understand that we do not here intend to assert that no case similar to that which formed the subject and groundwork of this trial, ever occurred in our city—for of that, we confess, we have strong doubts and misgivings; but we simply note the fact, that never before has a husband appeared in Court, and claiming of another the value of the purity, "affections and kindly services" of his wife, and having his *asking price* thereunto affixed in due form of law. However, we will not cavil at any of the new customs which are forcing themselves upon us in this auspicious era of the "march of mind." Unreasonable indeed should we be in this age, so noted for discoveries and improvements in theology, philosophy, and mechanics, to find fault with the advances which may be made in the great science of law and government, especially when we consider the numbs of sages who are employed and paid by the state and nation for the sole purpose of making such reforms.

But to return to the case in hand—we shall not publish the aforementioned "report," for the plain reason, that those who would read it at all, will most undoubtedly have regaled themselves upon it before this sheet reaches them; and the remainder of our patrons will require no apology from us for omitting its disgusting details. Suffice it to say, that the damages were laid at $10,000 the jury empaneled, the witnesses called, and the facts alleged against the defendant most abundantly proven. So far, so good—and then comes the defendant's testimony, showing just as clearly that the plaintiff was totally and despicably destitute of conjugal fidelity—(*ergo*, not entitled to claim damages for an infraction of the marriage compact)—and besides, that neither the plaintiff nor his main witnesses were as respectable as they might be. Altogether the whole concern was a disreputable one; and we should have soberly judged that no man with the character which was fastened on the plaintiff, could in any case be entitled to claim a verdict of two and six-pence or upwards. However, the jury seemed to think otherwise; as they took the liberty to command that $1000 be abstracted from the pockets of the defendant and placed in those of the plaintiff, which transfer, they appeared to calculate, would exactly balance the accounts between them.

We would not be construed as speaking lightly of the *moral* (or rather immoral) character of the offence of the defendant; but the case, as here presented, involved no moral considerations; but appeared to be a completely *pecuniary* affair, and as such hardly calculated to excite any feelings but those of ridicule and contempt!

In the window of a barbers shop in Goodman's Fields, is exhibited a professional announcement, in writing, which, for its poetical excellence, we give in its genuine form and purity.

I Isaacs,
I these way tries lucks:
I shaves for a penny,
Never cuts any:
I bleeds,
Pulls teeth—and cups:
Below I feels
And trains and breeds
Young bull-dogs, and all other sorts of *gentlemen pups*—And
I blacks shoes
For Christians—besides Jews.

* IRISH ADDRESS.—Some short time since, a countryman called at the Post-office in York, for a letter which he said he expected from his brother in St. Giles's, when there happened to be one for him the postage of which was 1s. 5d. He said to Mr. Fortescue, the Post master, who attended him at the window, "you, there, plaze your own honor, would be after reading that same letter for me, for I'm ashamed to own it, but its truth, I never *larned* writing, nor for that matter, reading neather." Mr. Fortescue very kindly complied with the man's request, and when he had finished, handed him the letter, at the same time asking him for the postage, when the countryman said, "Faith, plaze your honor, I'm greatly thankful to you, and will pray for you all the live long days of my life; but then I thought the blackguard would have wrote something else to me, and he didn't but luck to the but of it I'll be after paying for his letter; so you may *send it back to the spalpeen*, the same way it came, if you like, and with this the fellow made off.—*Scotsman.*

Tom Dilshin had a horse that he called "Graphy, "What a silly nomen!" said Oxberry "Not at all, said Tom, for when I *bought* him, it was *Buy*-a-graphy; when I mounted, I was *Trye*-graphy, and when I want him to trot, it is *Geeh*-graphy.

One of the English journals says—a French paper in noticing that Colonel Peel sold his his horse, *Nix Compos*, for 2,000 guineas, asks what must be *the state of the people* in such a country, and calls it a "a home question."

A Wild cat of enormous size was shot in the woods at Lynnfield last week, and his stuffed skin has been deposited in the East India Museum, Salem. He was probably a transient visitor, as none of his species have been seen in that place.—*Newpt. Herald.*

DEAR EDGE.—Louis XVIII, examining his accounts to clear his household of a whole fry of peculating vermin estimated every fresh laid egg on his breakfast table to have cost him upwards of *five and twenty shillings stg!*

LA MANCHE.—I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that the Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers, and survey my noblest schemes, and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein and a free bound, and I am Cicero—Cato—Cæsar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth, which you condemn me to touch; fire, energy, *ethereality* have departed; I am the soil without the sun; the cask without the wine; the garments without the man.—*Pelham.*

THE ITALIAN RENEGADE.

An Italian adventurer, who had by means of apostacy to his religion, excess of cruelty and ferocious bravery in the field, risen to the rank of Aga of the Janizaries, in Turkey, but who afterwards repented and returned to his country and the bosom of his mother church, thus relates his extraordinary life in a Manuscript found in the cell of his convent after his death.

"Whether like all my countrymen, who are constantly enamored of some Donna or other, I could have spent life in wandering from hall to hall, and between the serenade, the supper and the gaming table, been satisfied to make my way to the end of the day, and of all days, is more than I ever had it in my power to tell. I fell in love—fell in love but once, and, with the extinction of that heavenly flame, became a fiend.

"There is now no use in telling the name of my family. It was noble, and of the highest order of nobility. But is it not enough for the belief that it was proud, profligate, and splendid; that its head was a magnificent idler, and its younger branches were showy, subtile, passionate, and nothing to do on the face of the earth; that it was Italian! If I went farther, and said that the head of that family was half maniac in good and evil, a madly prodigal benefactor, a madly trusting friend, a madly adoring lover, and an avenger mad to the wildest depths of vengeance, need I write under the picture that he was a Genoese?

"I was that magnificent idler. I was that splendid fool, the son of fortune, who casts away all the gifts of earth and heaven—who trampled out in blood, loves and feelings that might have made the happiness of angels, who ran a frantic career of destruction through all that had twined itself round my heart of hearts—then denied, defied, and cast from me the only hope which can console man for the loss of this world, and then sat down in solitude, helpless remorse, and despair—unutterable!

* * * * * *

"It was during my residence at Vienna that I first saw the woman who was afterwards to kindle all the fury and all the agonies of my nature. It is useless now to repeat Septimia's title. She was a woman of the highest rank, the daughter of one of our sovereign princes, and though of a Spanish mother, most beautiful. At the Austrian court, she was the topic of universal admiration, and when all admired, who shall wonder if I, her countryman, young, ardent in all that spoke to the passions, proud of the honors paid to Italian beauty, proud too, perhaps, of my own person, whirling through a perpetual round of brilliant sights and festivities, with all the aromatic poison of heightened pleasure filling my senses and my soul, threw myself at the feet of this most singular and admirable of women!

* * * * * *

"We were married. Until the hour when I lied her from the altar, I had never dreamed that I was not the first object in her heart. But as she turned away from that altar, the single look that she gave to the image of the Saint above, undeceived me at once, and forever. It was not regretful, nor sorrow, nor religious, but it was a compound of them all. That look never left my mind. It has haunted me in my dreams, it has followed me in solitude. I have seen it starting up before me in the midst of balls and banquets, and investing the mocking faces there with sudden sorrow and majesty. It has risen before me in the camp, in the cell; in the calm, in the storm; I see it before me, pale, commanding, sweet, severe at that look of a heart broken but holily submissive; bowed to the earth, but contented with its grave. Septimia! Septimia!

* * * * * *

"I left Vienna. I had grown weary of it, of myself, of the world. Pleasure satiates, but mine was not satiety; it was a fierce undefined feeling; a heavy consciousness that I had been wrongful in heart; that I had thrown away my capabilities of loving without the only return that can reconcile man to the cares that beset even the smooth part of existence. Even the external show of happiness that surrounded every flip item with envy, flattery or congratulation, but increased my anguish. I have heard the compliments of princes, and they were only like taunts to my bitter self-accusation. I have sat in the midst of crowds that filled my palace, to congratulate me on birth days, wedding days, the various accessions of my rank, and the marks of honor conferred on me by kings, and saw the Satan in paradise, hating the splendor and beauty by which I was surrounded and tortured! finding in the brilliancy of courts and court honors, nothing but fuel for the flame that was eating its way through my soul. I was alive to but one sensation—the certainty that I was not loved by the only being whose love I could have now valued. I saw it in the hollowness of the cheek, in the feebleness of the form; I saw it even more keenly in the forced smile with which my presence, my tenderness, those attractions with which, half in hope and half in despair, I from time to time made an attempt to restore my wife to me. But her heart was frozen, or gone; and pride, pain and the stung affection returned on me like a legion of the spirits of evil.

* * * * * *

"One day in a hunting party in Hungary, I was caught in one of those sudden storms that come from the Carpathians, and cover the country with winter in a moment. I took shelter in a Tirol house in the forest. The fire side was already filled with the wood cutters, who had made their way in from the tempest. As I had none of the gewaws of my rank about me, I was treated as a mere man and was welcomed merely as a hunter. They were drinking, and the wine, sour as it was, brought out their confidences. One of them, who discovered that I belonged to the court, probably from some absurd effeminacy that had grown upon me, made enquiries about the mode of conveying a letter with which he was entrusted, and of which he conceived I might be a more adroit conveyer than himself. The address was easy, wise. I bit my lip till the blood burst out, but I contrived to check the rage that was ready to have torn the carrier and the letter into a thousand pieces. I instantly mounted my horse and the fellow recovered by my muttered curses that he had put his commission into perilous hands, but it was too late, he followed me, and even struck me with his wood knife; but I had got that which I would not have resigned to all the powers on earth. I felt neither wound nor tempest; I rushed along till I fainted from loss of blood, and when I opened my eyes once more, found myself in my chamber with half the arch duke's physicians beside my bed; languid and almost lifeless, but with the letter still grasped in my hand.

I had been discovered in the forest by some of my hunters, and brought home as dead. I had lain for a fortnight in my chamber, wandering from one delirium to another, but in all I still grasped the fatal letter—no force could take it from me. Such are the poisons which man prepares for himself—I would not have parted with that letter of ruin, to be made monarch of Golconda.

"I read the letter. What was it to the breach of confidence? The secret was mine, and of all secrets the most essential and overwhelming. Its pages gave the fullest satisfaction that could be desired by a mind longing to have grounds for self torment. They were a long detailed, but gentle accusation of broken vows, sustained by references to time and places, and charges of duplicity and cruelty on the part of friends and parents, which told me that my name (for the woman was mentioned, it was she in every line) had long been loved, and had loved in turn. That she had been the reluctant sacrifice to the prejudices of her rank; and that my offer had been grasped at by her family, alike for its own advantages, and its rescue of the daughter of so proud a line from an alliance beneath her.

"I saw Septimia on that evening. She had come on the first announcement of my returning mind, and, kneeling by my bedside, offered thanksgiving to Heaven for my recovery. I could have stabbed her on the spot. But she wept at my averted face and besought me, in such language of soft submission, to think kindly of her and her interest in me, that I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. In that moment I could have turned to her, confessed all that burdened my mind, and solicited to have at least all that was left to her of her early heart. But I was born to be a victim! Pride forbade the humiliation. I sent her from my bedside, and tossing there till midnight, then started up, fevered and feeble as I was, to tread the corridors with shuddering feet, and break open with frantic jealousy the cabinet in which I conserved the remainder of this correspondence to be concealed.

"With a sensation of self reproach that need not be envied by a wretch on the wheel, I broke open the cabinet, found a packet of letters, carried them to my own chamber, and there fed on them day by day. They gave me a feast of agonies. I found there the history of the whole development of young passion; the stories of the country walks, the youthful employments, the presents of flowers, the first parting of the lover for the army; the thanks for his promotion obtained by the beloved one's influence; the little gay anecdotes of the campaign, and mixed with them sentences repeated from the answers, which told me bitterly what these answers were; fond, glowing, confiding the outpouring of a fine spirit, all awake with the finest of all passions. Yet want was this eloquence to me! what the brilliancy of the unconscious wit, or the fullness of the half inspired feeling! They were all for another; and the woman whom I had selected from the world to be the depositary of my thoughts, had not a thought for me, the being in whose love alone I would have taken a pride, was to me but a weeping vestal, the guardian of a solitary altar, where the flame never shone on me.—The wife of my bosom, the sharer of my fate, the partner of my rank and fortune, was at that hour the mourner of them all, wandering in heart far away after the trials and chances of another, shedding tears for another's sorrow, rejoicing in another's success, and if she thought of me still, perhaps only measuring the years between me and the grave, and feeling the bonds of marriage only with the hope that the time might come when she should again be free.

* * * * * *

"I had returned to my own country. But who can fly from himself? At five and twenty I had the look of fifty. In the midst of all that the world could, I was a worn down and meagre misanthrope. If it had depended on me, the earth would be a wilderness, or mankind a horde of Tartars, only ravaging each other, and turning the cities into tombs and graves. My friends—and I had then a host of them—came round me with advice, entreaties, wonder at my fierce contempt of society, hopes of change, and all the other helpless conventionalities of man to administer to the sickness of the mind, but their efforts were as useless as probably their zeal was hollow. In this withering of the head and heart I must have persisted, but for a new excitement. War broke out between the Empire and Prussia. The prize between the combatants was a paltry province, which the money wasted in the contest would have paved with ingots, and which seemed doomed to perpetual sterility. We contrived however, to make it bear a crop of human skulls. As the holder of a fief of the empire, a regiment was offered to me, and I was the head of the cavaliers. I rushed into the war. Glorious invention for accumulating the miseries, excessing the follies, and displaying the blindness of man! Two hundred thousand of us were sent out to butcher each other. Imperialists and Prussians pounced on each other with the appetite of vultures, and having gorged ourselves with human blood, rested only until a fresh feast of blood was ready. Every horror that fiction ever raised, was transacted as the common, every day business of life. To day victors, to-morrow fugitives, wading through Austrian carcasses at Prague; bathing in Prussian gore at Kollin; fighting through fire and water, through famine, nakedness, and pestilence; we were still as ready as ever to tear each other into fragments, as if we were flinging away life for any one thing that ever made life desirable. Between the hospital and the field, the first campaign strewed the rocks and morasses of Silesia with a hundred thousand skeletons of what were once men and fools.

"But to me this was a delight. I was a wild beast, not a man—I longed to wreak myself on all that bore the human shape—I felt myself terribly conscious of the half inspired feeling! I felt the consciousness of an exile from happiness which could finish only in the grave, I sought the grave. I was every where foremost. My regiment established, as all soldiers will, the hollow lights of their colonel. We dashed at every thing, until the enemy began to think that resistance was useless, and the sight of my person on the field, decided the fate of many an encounter.

"I was, of course, honored for all this. Stars and crosses were hung upon a breast which cared no more for them than if they were so many cobwebs. Still I tore my way through the enemy's squadrons, and led on my fierce *sabreurs* from danger to danger, until I was pronounced incontestably the most brilliant hussar officer in the service—a Nadasti, a Scanderbeg—the pride and the example of the Austrian army. It was remarkable that in all these hazards I had escaped without the slightest wound. Superstition began to rise around me, and I was hailed by the name of a Prussian battery without a secret wish that it would lay me low—I, who never saw the sabre in my hand, or heard the shriek of a Prussian battery without a secret wish that I might be impaled on their points before evening—I alone was untouched, while my charger trampled the bones of thousands and tens of thousands of my fellow-men.

"I was, however, to feel at last the caprices of fortune. As I commanded the rear guard of Lyudolin's corps in its retreat through the last defile of Silesia, a charge made by some of the Zieten hussars upon our baggage, set my squadrons in motion. We flung upon the marauders, and quickly recovered our baggage; but the darkness of the twilight, the intricacy of the ravine, and more than either, the habitual daring of my men, plunged us in the centre of the whole advanced Prussian cavalry. We fought desperately, and at last extricated ourselves, but in the final charge I received a blow which struck off my helmet, and completely blinded me for the time. I fell off my horse, and must have been trampled to death, but for the gallantry of one of my officers, a Hungarian, who had lately been received into the corps. This brave fellow, after first driving his spare horse to halt through my assailant, dragged me from under the horses' feet, and carrying me on his shoulders, restored their unlucky colonel to his regiment, who were already in the utmost despair.

"I was conveyed to Vienna—was covered with honors, and racked with pain. But I was not to die. The gallant Hungarian was my nurse, and after having preserved my life from the enemy, he preserved it from the doctors. But my illness was long, and during it Septimia arrived from Italy, with wife-like duty to watch over her dying husband. I was moved by this display of tenderness, and on my feverish pillow, from which I thought I was never to rise, inwardly acquitted her of the crime of giving me the semblance of a heart. I took myself to task for the rash precipitancy with which I had wooed her, for the proud and lavish proposals which had influenced the vanity of her relations, for the fierce and violent determination to make myself happy, which might let me at the expense of making her miserable. Hour after hour of lonely thought, when all my senses seemed wrapped in sleep, have I gone through the whole tormenting history of my passions, my follies, and my sufferings; and hour after hour have I resolved to cast my regrets to the winds, to confide, to hope, to see happiness, even against conviction; to be blind and be comforted.

"One night, when the paroxysm of my fever seemed to render it possible that I should not see another morning, Septimia determined to watch beside my bed. I was already half dreaming, and seeing squadrons of cavalry slain and being slain, when I was roused by the pressure of a hand on my forehead. It was Septimia's. Overcome with weariness for several nights before, she had fallen asleep, and was tossing her arms in the agitation of a dream. I heard her whisper—the words that sunk into my heart like molten ore. She evidently thought herself transported once more to those early scenes, whose very memory to me was torture. She was straying with her lover; she was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was pledging herself to him. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty, which had exposed her to the sacrilegious addresses of a married man. She was straying with her lover; she was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was pledging him. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty, which had exposed her to the sacrilegious addresses of a married man. She was straying with her lover; she was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty, which had exposed her to the sacrilegious addresses of a married man. She was straying with her lover; she was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was pledging him

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

We received on Thursday evening our files of London and Liverpool papers, by the packet ship York, Capt. Bursley. The dates of the former are to the 22d Feb. inclusive—the latter to the 24th.

The news by this vessel is principally important inasmuch as it goes to show that the existence of Cholera in London is doubtful, or if it exists there, that it is in a very mitigated form.

A private correspondent from Liverpool (whose communication we are compelled to defer till to-morrow) writes at the last date from thence, that no case of cholera, or presumed cholera, had yet occurred there. The government of France has issued new quarantine regulations in regard to vessels arriving from England—they are however of a very moderate character. Vessels from the supposed infected districts are subjected to a quarantine of ten days; those from less suspicious parts to five; despatches and papers are to be pierced and undergo a fumigation of aromatics, or be passed through vinegar.—*Courier.*

Sir Walter Scott. It is mentioned in the English papers, that Sir Walter Scott intends to make a considerable stay in Italy, and return by the Tyrol through Germany, where he will visit Hungary, Vienna, Prague, Toplitz, Carlsbad, Munich, Dresden, Leipsic, Studgart and other principal towns in that empire. The Baronet is attended by his eldest son, Major Walter Scott, [illegible] daughter, [illegible] youngest son, is an *attache* to the Legation to the King of the two Sicilies; so that, with the exception of Mrs. John G. Lockart, Sir Walter is at present enjoying the society of his nearest connexions.

Romance of Reality by L. E. L. The fair authoress of this work has entitled herself to rank with the first novelists of the day. "She says to herself," observes the Westminster Review, "now I will write a brilliant sketch of society, like Lady Morgan; and now I will dash off a character or scene in fashionable life, like Mrs. Gore; now I will be profound, and people shall straightway thing of Madame de Stael. I will have a familiar scene, as good as any of Miss Austin's; or some dialogues which shall beat the Braughtons of Madame D'Arbly, and eclipse Theodore Hook. I can be critical, sentimental, philosophical, fashionable, personal, and picturesque, and I will be these and more by turns"—and so she is.

Singular Case of Libel. A few evenings since, Mr. R. Hogan, of Stanstead, keeper of a beer shop, against whom a true bill of indictment has been found at our last quarter Sessions, for a libel contained on a sign board suspended from his house, was arrested and conveyed to jail. The untimely season at which he was taken prevented his giving bail that night, which he has since done. One side of the sign contained these words, "Here swings the Informer; and on the reverse, the representation of a gallows with a man hanging, underneath which was written "There he swings." A person in the neighborhood having identified himself as the individual painted on the gallows, preferred the indictment for the libel, which will be tried at our next Sessions.—*English paper.*

Exquisite.—A custom has lately been adopted at London dinner parties, in the "Almack Circle," of placing before each guest a glass vase of rose water, in which a drop of the essence of mint has been infused; the extreme coldness, which forms one of the properties of that herb leaves a pleasant freshness in the mouth during the rest of the evening.

Great Riding.—After the victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon's Mameluke, *Moustache*, rode to Paris, a distance of 150 miles, in twelve hours, to carry the news. He was so exhausted when he arrived, that he was obliged to be lifted from his saddle, and his last horse fell dead in the court of the palace.

Steamboats now run between Canton and Pekin. A Canton paper contains an advertisement of the steamer King-fa, to leave the following day. "She carries cows, a surgeon, band of music, and has rooms elegantly fitted up for cards and opium smoking."

Facetiæ.—The publications of the *Temperance Society* are sold by *Boosey* and Co.!—Braham being asked his idea of the term, a *chaste* singer replied, "He is one who ravishes his audience."—Some of Lord Althorp's acquaintance, discussing how his portrait should be represented, one of them rather flippantly suggested, "With his hands in his breeches pockets."—"No!" replied L——i, "as Chansellor of the Exchequer, he ought to be drawn with *his hands in the pockets of others.*"—To what place should a man go who wished to be married? To *Havre.* (To *have her.*)—A noted quack, who got a good deal of money without doing much good to his patient, was told that his profession was a complete *sine-cure.* "I kill nobody; so that if the cure is postponed, it is sine *die.*"

The Duke of Gloucester lately in earnest conversation with Lord Brougham on the subject of reform, grew so warm in the argument, that he observed hastily, the Chancellor was *very near being a fool.* Brougham replied, that he could not think of contradicting the Duke, and declared that he fully saw the force of his Royal Highness's *position.*

Elopement.—Some time before day-break, yesterday morning, a travelling chariot and four horses were observed to draw upon the Uxbridge-road, opposite to Connaught-terrace, where they remained for a considerable time, waiting in evident readiness to start at a moment's notice. At last a horse and gig, in which were two persons, in travelling cloaks, was seen coming along Park-lane at full speed; the animal was white with foam, and appeared to have been driven a long distance. The persons, a lady and gentleman, alighted, took their seats in the chariot, the word "go on" was given, and the crack of the post boys' whip, and the rattle of the chariot wheels, was heard only for a second or two ere they were whirled out of sight, in the direction of the north road. It is said that the fair fugitive is the daughter of a wealthy resident in the neighborhood of Clapham Common, and her companion a Cavalry Officer of some distinction, who will eventually succeed to titled honors, and an immense estate. The young lady was not missed until four hours after she had taken her departure. And instant pursuit was commenced, which will, in all probability, be unsuccessful, as the party in advance is said to have relays of horses in readiness all along the road. The sister of the young lady made a similar hasty visit to the Hymeneal Altar, about 15 months ago, and started from the same spot as the parties did yesterday morning.

A woman named Ann Ferris, who was in the habit of raking the scavengers, ashes-heaps for old rags, &c. died at Exeter, on Monday, and in her appartment was found 155*l.* in bank notes and securities. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of *Found dead from denying herself the common necessaries of life.*

Alum in Toothache.—Dr. Kuhn asserts that alum, finely powdered, not only relieves the toothache, but arrests the progress of caries in the tooth. One or two grains are to be inserted in the cavity of the tooth, and be repeated when the pain returns. In a short time, the pain will cease to recur, and the chemical action which constitutes the caries will cease.—*Lancet.*

The major part of the nobility, as well as the King and the male branches of the Royal Family, are in favor of the claim of Sir A. d'Este and sister as legal descendants of the Duke of Sussex, and consequently entitled to claim, as his children (in the event of the death of the prior heirs,) succession to the throne of England.

Extraordinary Operation.—On Wednesday the large lion and one of the lion-tigers, belonging to Mr. Atkin's menagerie, had each a tooth extracted. The operation was performed in a masterly style, by Mr. C. S. Rowland, dentist, Tithebarn-street, and was witnessed with much interest by several professional gentlemen. So completely are the animals under the control of their keepers, that they were not even bound during the operation. They seemed much relieved by the removal of the diseased teeth, from which they must for some time past have suffered great pain.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

The following delicate but important announcement, is made in a late number of the Court Journal:

The Earl of Harrington will give his first grand dinner since the *accouchement* of the Countess, at Pembroke-house, in Privy-gardens, to-morrow. Several distinguished wits and literary gentlemen are invited by his Lordship, and it is said the young Lord Petersham, a fine lively infant, will be introduced to the guests before dinner.

March of Orthography.—The following, says the Oxford Herald, is taken verbatim from the original:

"John parker of whatley have had the missfortune fell from his Donkey Broke his fiddel he begs of any good Christiane to give him some Trifel to get it mended been poor Cripel he have been done his own parish for Donkeys so many the Cante give him always your Humbel pethoner. John parker Friende Is 6d

FIGHT—MARRIOTT AND LARKINS.

Last Monday week, a desperate battle took place in the neighbourhood of Newark, between a person the name of Marriott, of East Brentford (better known by the name of Kangaroo) a regular slaughterer, and a nail maker of the name of Larkins, from Southwark, for a heavy stakes. The Kangaroo was seconded by a *Reverend* Divine, from the same place, and Larkins by a person of the name of Darr. The betting was two to one on Kangaroo.

Round 1. A smashing round, and Kangaroo showed some good natural fighting. Larkins ruffianed in with his antagonist, and heavy hits were exchanged; at length Larkin was floored by a desperate lunge under the ear (cries of 4 to 1 on the Kangaroo.")

2. Kangaroo coming up as gay as a lark, hit out right and left, and was neatly stopped; Larkins then hit out with his left which caught the Kangaroo on the victual office, and floored him like a log of wood (shouts for Larkins.)

3. Larkins came up confident; the Kangaroo, eager for the assault, let fly with his right, which caught poor Larkins on the nose, and set him snorting like an affrighted horse.

4. Kangaroo went to work like a good one; but Larkins, undismayed, showed forth some manly qualities, in spite of another muzzler, which also floored him.

5. "Bellows to mend" was the order of the round; Larkins made play, hit short and received two muggers, bang, bang, which brought forth lots of claret; the Kangaroo again hit out with his right, which caught Larkins on his conk, and floored him, the claret flowing profusely.

6. On time being called (the Kangaroo as lively as a kitten) Larkins could not come; the Kangaroo was therefore declared the winner, after fighting 51 minutes.

The *Reverend* gentleman, higly pleased with the result of the battle, showed his dominoes, and chafied very strongly.

The Kangaroo will fight Young Dutch Sam for 50 or £100 a-side, in three months, and will meet him with the needful, at any Sporting House in London he may appoint. His fighting weight is 12st. 4lbs.—*Bell's Life in London.*

Among the law reports in the London Morning Herald of the first of February, we find the following:

The King vs. Jadis.—Sir James Scarlett, having obtained a rule to show cause why criminal informations should not be filled against the defendant, for sending a challenge to the Marquis of Blandford.

The Attorney-General, in showing cause this day, observed that the dispute between these parties arose from a wager for 1,000*l.* which the Marquis of Blandford won from the defendant, at the Doncaster races, in 1827. It was one of the rules of the Jockey Club that no winner of a bet was entitled to it, unless he himself had paid all the bets which he lost; and, it being very doubtful whether the Marquis of Blandford was entitled to be paid the bet in question, the subject was referred to Col. Chichester, now Lord Templemore, on behalf of the Marquis of Blandford, and Gen. Palmer, on behalf of Mr. Jadis. He would here mention that it was also one of the rules of the Jockey Club, that the winner of a bet was not entitled to a better security for the payment thereof, than he himself had given for the payment of bets which he lost; and it having appeared that the Marquis had lost bets to a considerable amount, which remained undischarged, and for which he gave no other security than his bond, payable after his father's death, General Palmer insisted that the Marquis was not entitled to any other security from Mr. Jadis than his own bond. But on behalf of the Marquis, it was contended that such security was inferior to that which he had given, since his Lordship had 3,000*l.* secured on real property for his life and would be entitled to 30,000*l.* after his father's death; whereas Mr. Jadis had no property but two situations, from which he was removeable at pleasure. The umpires not being able to agree, the subject was referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who, having examined into the circumstances, decided in favor of the Marquis. Mr. Jadis not having paid the bet, notwithstanding the decision, the Marquis wrote to the Stewards respecting the non-payment, with a view that they should expel Mr. Jadis from the Club. On the receipt of the Marquis's letter, the Stewards wrote to Mr. Jadis to say that if he did not pay the bet they should recommend to the Club to expel him. On the receipt of this communication, Mr. Jadis sent the challenge in question to the Marquis, in a letter which stated that, as the Marquis had endeavored to have him expelled from the Club, with a view to extort this bet from him, though the Marquis himself was a defaulter, he must consider him as divested of all the feelings of a gentleman; but, notwithstanding the contempt which he felt for him, he should give directions to General Palmer to communicate with his Lordship respecting arrangements for a meeting. To this letter the Marquis replied in a letter commencing thus:—"It is false that I have applied to have your name struck off the Club. It is equally untrue that I am a defaulter." Now he (the Attorney-General,) contended that, as the Noble Marquis had thought proper to write a letter to the Stewards of the Club with a view to expel Mr. Jadis, it was an adequate provocation for the letter which Mr. Jadis wrote; but, if the Court should not think so, he submitted that a person who wrote such a letter as the Noble Marquis had written in reply was not entitled to the interposition of that Court in his favor.

Sir James Scarlett, in support of the rule, hoped the Court would not be backward in encouraging Noblemen of rank to resort to them for protection from insults, rather than commit a breach of the peace. The conduct of the Marquis of Blandford was unimpeachable throughout, and it was so decided by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Verulam, and other Noble Lords. He trusted that their Lordships would make the rule absolute.

Lord Tenterden observed that this Court was always disposed to interfere for the prevention of a breach of the peace; but, if they made this rule absolute, Courts of Justice would be occupied with transactions which, in his opinion, were by no means creditable to the parties concerned. The rule should, therefore, be discharged on payment of costs, and Mr. Jadis entering into his own recognizances to keep the peace towards the Marquis of Blandford for two years.

Rule discharged.

Sharks and Flat-fish.—William Earl of Billingsgate, (Crockford) now one of the Newgate Noblesse, and "managing director" (?) of the Pickled Fish Company, is in a pretty pickle, having been committed for trial on charges of *appropriating* a £50 bill and a gold chain. When *angling for gudgeons*, he caught *alligators*—and on their allegations he has found a *place* he bargained for.

Matrimony.—Mr. Wright, of matrimonial celebrity, respectfully notifies that a gentleman of 30, who has retired from his profession with £600 per annum, is desirous of marriage. Mr. W. has proposed one of two ladies, but as they are not of the following description exactly, the proposal is not ascertained, and of course no interview has taken place.—The lady must be between 18 to 25, about five feet high, of fair complexion, light or red hair, blue eyes, and possess an income not less than half his own. Another professional gentleman, about the same age and income, not yet retired, makes a similar application, who is not so particular upon the superior beauty of the lady. Confidential communications from ladies or their friends, will meet every respectful attention, and pledged secrecy and honor. St. Edmund's square, Birchin Lane, London. Mr. Wright's pamphlet upon this extremely delicate subject may be obtained in the usual manner. All letters to be postage free. Numerous superior applications from both sexes are waiting for the meeting one, that accords with their minds and wishes. Large sums of money ready for advances, &c.—*London Age.*

Curious Fraud.—The Lincoln (English) Mercury relates the following curious story which, if true, shows fully as large a share of cunning and audacity in the actors as perhaps ever was exhibited. A person in the northern part of the country, of no little fame as a professional man and who was believed to have acquired thereby a large property, some two years or so ago was so generally afflicted with bad health as to be almost always under medical advice. Having exhausted the skill of country practitioners, it was of course natural to try what those of London could do for him.—Thither he proceeded, accompanied by his wife, and there in the course of some short time, became worse, until death closed the scene. Of course the body must be deposited in the neighborhood of his residence, and the pomp and splendour of the funeral was only exceeded by the regret of the lady for the loss she sustained. So far there appeared nothing to excite notice; but unfortunately, it was very shortly discovered that the assets were wanting, and although no very satisfactory reasons could be assigned for the deficiency, yet it was supposed the deceased had lived beyond his means, and here the wonder ceased. All his relations were considerably involved, and the large loss must be sustained by the creditors as they best could bear it. But how were the executors to account to the lady for the failure of her expectations, the will having provided most abundantly for her! Perhaps the London agent of her husband could assist her, and of course, to London she went. Not very long however after her arrival there, rumor stated that she had shipped herself to that land of promise, America. What could she do there, a lonely desolate widow, without funds or acquaintances! The why and the wherefore soon came out! Circumstances were elicited which led to a suspicion that her husband had not died; he had only slept, and awaked the chrysalis of a new world.

A corpse had been procured, to which the honor of a pompous funeral, instead of an exhibition upon the surgeon's table, had been assigned, and thus any suspicion of foul play was destroyed; while the principal was enabled at his leisure to take such means as might be necessary to transport his talents and the large property he had fraudulently appropriated to another scene. Talk of the tricks of London! Even Lincolnshire, the land of fens and the ague—the Bœotia of England, can exhibit specimens of cunning which leave the most experienced and skillful of her practitioners at an immeasurable distance.

Female Attire.—We have no hesitation in asserting that there never was a period when the dress of the middle classes was so luxurious and costly as at the present moment. The word "fashion" formerly applied to the Duchess of Devonshire, or the lady Londonderry's of the day; and the hoop and plume negligee, and fly-cap were too inconvenient as an appendage to the occupations of the housewife, or the menial, to admit of general adoption. But this is no longer the case. Every woman, from the first lady of the bedchamber to the last, from the Countess to the housemaid, must be in fashion. If my lady chooses to wear sleeves *a l'imbecile*, pendent from her useless arms, my lady's maid must exhibit similar imbecility; no sooner did *gigots* inflate themselves round the shoulders of the peeresses, than every cook in London thought proper to assume a style so consonant with her calling. Flounces waved round the taper ancles of the elegante, and the young lady in curl papers, who carries the well frothed pewter pots from the Pig and Whistle to its customers, immediately began to overshadow the pavement with her furbelows. Trimmings were laid aside by the highest and mightiest of fashionable belles; and lo! from Piccadilly to the Mile End, nothing but simple work'd skirts are to be seen. The richly brocaded shawl, the plush or velvet bonnet, the bag, and the silk pelisse, appear to have become indispensable for every woman with a head upon her shoulders.

A few years ago, and a single bargain shop contented the ambition of the metropolis; that classical lyric, "the skein of white worsted at Flint's," will convey to our grand-daughters and great-grand-daughters the indisputable fact that Grafton House is the parent of these countless depots of riband and tiffany, which occupy every sixth house of our commercial streets, and are thronged, from ten in the morning till ten at night, with a countless succession of victims to starvation, and to that alarming state of the times which still allows pink satin and white gauze to remain indispensable.—We should like to station Joseph Hume, or the ghost of Cocker, in Compton street, to note the myriads of these ruined individuals to whom the yard measure of the haberdasher becomes enchanting as a fairy wand!

Look at the increase of periodicals devoted to female "fashion!" Formerly the "Belle Assemblee" held the mirror up to nature, and regulated the length of waists, and altitude of crowns from Penzance to Greenock. Now we have (in addition to that venerable chronicle of the graces, "The Lady's Magazine") "The Royal Lady's" "The World of Fashion," "Townsend's Costumes" "The Magazine of the Beau Monde," and half a dozen other vile fac-similes of the "*petit Courrier des Dames.*" One of these, and incomparably the worst, has a circulation of ten thousand copies, chiefly among the milliners and mantua makers of country towns, who can no longer carry on their calling without some insight into the Parisian mysteries, which are not less dear to Mrs Schone, the brazier's wife, than to a lady patroness of Almack's; most of them, indeed, are compelled to make an annual pilgrimage, *par diligence* to the attics of Meurice's, that they may bring back the trippery of the rue Vivienne, and learn to jabber out "*Monsieur Harlo.*"

All these frivolous and vexations. Among the few superficial respectabilities of the continent, is the strictness of costume serving the various classes of society. The Parisian tradesman's wife, in her neatly quilled cap, is a far more satisfactory object than Miss Tinkins in her windmill bonnet; and the Parisian cook, in her clean jacket and petticoat, than the creature who hashes our own mutton in gown of greasy gros de Naples.

Our feather-bed has never been satisfactorily shaken since calimanco petticoats and checked aprons were voted out of "fashion."—*London pa.*

The Awkwardness of Princes.—In the very curious trial pending at Paris, on the subject of the Duke of Bourbon's will, the Advocate Hennequin produced a singular argument to prove that the Duke did not hang himself; namely that he could not, and that for various reasons; he was unable to get upon a chair from debility; he could not raise his hand to his head from a wound; but, above all, he was utterly unable to tie a "permanent knot," and had been all his life, excepting indeed, that unhappy one with Miss Sophy Dawes. M. Hennequin brought evidence to prove this incapacity; he produced persons who swore that the last of the Condés, though fond of the chase and other sports, could neither tie up a boat nor a dog; and the probability of this state of incompetency in knot tying was defended by general remarks by the royalist pleader on the ordinary *maladresse* or awkwardness of princes. Every thing being done for them they never learn to do any thing; they are "cribb'd up as it were, in a stall, to exist and not to act," so that, according to M. Hennequin, it is rare to find a prince who can even walk decently across a room.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Why the Hangman is called Jack Ketch.—In 1661, Dun was the name of a public executioner, and for many years he continued to be known by that name. A famous gentleman of that profession celebrated for the ease and celerity with which he fixed the fatal noose, is mentioned by Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie:*

"Away therefore my lass does trot,
And presently an halter got,
Made of the best strong hempen teir
And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art
As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

Twelve years after, one Jack Ketch was advanced to the post of finisher of the law. This is now more than 140 years ago, but this gentleman has had the honor of giving his name to all executioners since his time. In the reign of Charles the first, they were called Ketch, as appears by a political satire, written about that time.—

"Till Ketch observing he was chus'd,
And in his profits much abused,
In open hall the counsel dun'd,
To do his office or refund."

Police Reports.

LONDON.

Bow Street.—John Williams, alias Roberts, alias Hervy, alias twenty other names, who belongs to the respectable fraternity of thieves, vulgarly denominated the "Swell Mob," was charged with stealing a fowl. The prosecutor, a Mr. Bagster, a poulterer, in Clare market, stated, that on Friday evening he saw the prisoner lurking about opposite his shop; and after watching him some time, saw him take a fowl from the window and walk quickly off with it. Witness pursued him, took him into custody with the fowl in his possession, and gave him in charge to a police soldier as soon as he could find one. The evidence of the *lobster*, as to having taken the prisoner, completed the case, the only interesting feature in which was, the extraordinary demeanour of the prisoner while the examination was "progressing."

He frequently turned round, and addressing Dodd, the gaoler, said, "Now d——n it, Dodd do you think I'd steal a fowl? I ask any man of common sense, is it likely; What steal a fowl! I've a soul above that at any rate!"

Mr. Halls asked the prisoner what he had to say in answer to the charge, when he answered in the following characteristic language

"It is no use my disguising the fact your worship, that I have been here often enough before; but I ask your worship, knowing my character as you do—do you think I would *steal a fowl?* It is not in my line, and you know that, and so do all your officers."

Mr. Halls. "I shall commit you for trial. Have you any thing else to say?"

Prisoner. "Why, Sir, I went to buy a fowl for a lady; and while I was examining the one they charge me with stealing, the prosecutor came up, and took me into custody."

Prosecutor. "I watched him at least twenty yards from my shop before I took him into custody."

Mr. Halls (to the Swell Mobman) "What do you say to that?"

Prisoner. I shan't say any more. I suppose I must go; but d——n my eyes, *to go for a fowl*, it's too bad. If it was any thing in my own way, like a *ticker* or a *reader*, I would'nt care; but to go to Newgate for a b——y fowl. How I shall be chaffed by my pals. I say, Dodd, you knows me; now I ask you, is'nt it a shame and a disgrace I should go for a fowl? You know me, Dodd!" Dodd nodded assent, and at this moment left the prisoner in the dock while he went to get an affidavit signed by the Magistrate. The opportunity was too great to be lost, and the prisoner in an instant bolted out of the office, but was overtaken in the passage and brought back again.

When replaced at the bar he absolutely put himself into such a violent passion that his only relief was bursting into tears. When he was somewhat recovered he said, "I can't stand this—I've been *pulled often*, but *to go for a fowl*—By God! it's too bad!"—He then struck his head violently against the wall and seemed as if bent on self destruction. He was however secured—and while being conveyed out of the office said, "D——n her if I had known it, she should have gone without a fowl long enough," (alluding, as it was supposed to his fancy Madam.)

Several of his "pals" were in the office, and their appearance on the occasion evidently hurt his *feelings*, as they considered that he had disgraced his *cloth*—He was committed for trial.

NEW-YORK.

Henry H. Marshall, a tall slender man, who was concerned in passing off $5 counterfeit bills on the Fulton Bank last Monday evening, was arrested yesterday afternoon and fully committed to answer the charge at the Court of Sessions.

Robbery.—Between one and two o'clock on Monday night, the store of Mr. Floyd Smith, No. 12 Maiden Lane, was entered by means of false keys; and Jewelry, consisting of silver spoons, forks, pencil cases, &c. to the amount of one thousand dollars, was stolen therefrom. The watchman on the post, Cornelius Van Horn, observed two men concealing something under a stoop in Green-street, he searched the place, and there discovered part of the stolen property. Van Horn immediately seized the men, one of whom knocked him down and then fled; the other attempted to stab him with a large knife; in the scuffle which ensued the villain fell, and in the fall the blade of the knife was broken, which circumstance no doubt preserved the watchman's life. The noise alarmed a private watchman (Doremus,) who came to the spot, as well as several citizens, with whose assistance the villain was secured. The one who fled was then pursued, and by the assistance of some other watchmen, was arrested in Washington near Liberty street. The robbers are named John Hall, alias Boyd, an old offender, and Wm. Quinn, a member of old locks. When they were carried before Justice Hopson, he despatched to the house of Quinn those vigilant officers, Messrs. Merritt and Sparks, where they arrived about 3 o'clock in the morning, and in searching it they found some of the property stolen on Monday last, from the store of Jesse Conklin, No. 227 Hudson street. Hall is the man who stabbed the watchman, and Quinn is the one who fled.

PHILADELPHIA.

Police.—Patrick Dunnegan was examined this morning on a complaint for being a common drunkard. The evidence was plain that Donnegan was guilty. He seemed to be aware of his *destruction*, and requested to say a few words. "Now, y'r honor, don't you think it a reproachment to the laws of the United States, that a poor auld soldier should be jist made so uncomfortable as to go to a penitentary? I belave y'r honor, they call it a House o' Correction. I've borne arms for me country, and obtained an honorable discharge. Just think o'that, y'r honor. Besides consider the ividence. The poor craitur don't know a tay (T) from a blind beggar's crutch, or an A from a chest o'drawers. He's quite too illiterate, y'r honor, to comprehend the natur of an oath, sure. Besides I takes nothing o' the ardents. I'll just appale to Gaffer Gray, who knows I takes but two pints o' beer the day."

But Donnegan, notwithstanding his defence, was sentenced to the House of Correction six months. He then commenced another speech, which was very unceremoniously spoiled by the officer who arrested him. "Come, walk—walk sir, if you please, you'd talk a leg off an iron pot, by heaven."

BOSTON.

A number of our young members of the *spree fancy* were examined to-day for practising at the *bar* of one of our hotels, at which their oratorical powers demolished lights, glasses, and noddles, not forgetting the "head and front" of the landlord himself. They were, however, put under bonds, and will make a tournament or trial as *knights of the midnight wake*, at the next municipal court before (not King Arthur,) but Judge Thacher. Heralds, Messrs. Reed, Jones, Andrews & Co. Sheriff Sumner the gallant lady who is to give the reward of valor. Chivalry has not done by, and courage slumbers not, though the crusaders seek not the holy land.—*Fredonian.*

DOMESTIC ARTICLES.

The editor of the Reading Journal has been amusing himself with "trout fishing," and the result of his piscatorial "labors of love" was a string of fish such as has not been seen of late in that region. He promises to have a drawing made, by a good artist, of the whole bunch, for the "Loaf Register." If our brother should amuse himself this week with equal success in the same way, we should be much obliged to him for his own drawing of the new bunch of trout. Views, of this kind are scarce in Philadelphia. We have an artist in our eye who will do justice to the "*drawing*," and make therefrom a plate that shall satisfy the most fastidious *taste.*—*U. S. Gazette.*

The Rattlesnake.—The late Dr. Thornton in a letter to Mr. Jefferson says, that the *Crotalus Horridus* (Rattlesnake) being peculiar to this country, is the finest emblem of the United States that can be found. It never acts but defensively; it never strikes without giving a fair warning, and when it does strike, it is fatal!

Venison.—Deer have been unusually abundant on the Androscoggin and in the neighborhood of Moose head Lake. A man came to market at this village a few days since with several deer, and stated they were driven into his barn-yard by the wolves, which have also been committing great depredations upon sheep. He related rather a curious fact. The carcass of a sheep was suspended from a tree and a trap set at the foot of the tree. A wolf approached looking at the sheep, and put his foot in the trap but not on the spring; presently another came up and sprung the trap, and when discovered the two wolves had almost killed each other. This was rather a more profitable job than killing deer, as the bounty is $8 a head for wolves, and such has been the abundance of venison that it has been sold in Augusta for 1 1-2 cents per pound.

Bear Caught.—A correspondent at Canastota informs us, that on Saturday the 10th inst. an uncommonly large bear was caught in the "great swamp" about two miles north of that village, by C. H. Cook and J. Story, both residents of the village of Canastota.—*Herald.*

ELOPEMENT.

Whereas my wife Nancy, my fancy,
My love, my pink, my dame
Has left my bed and boarding,
To rove about again;
This caution's therefore to forewarn
All people not to trust
To her the worth of an acorn,
Or lose it all they must,
For I'm determined not to pay
The value of a straw
Of her contracts in any way
Unless compelled by law.

DAVID BURNETT.
Hubbard, March 5th 1832. 187—paid.
Geo. Athenian.

Marriage Notices.—We observe, says the Cincinnati Mirror, that the daily papers have lately avowed their determination to *charge* for the insertion of these precious and important items of domestic news. This is most barbarously ungallant, and must have been recommended by some incontinent sprig of bachelorism, whose hardness of heart is equalled only by his incorrigibleness; for such a measure could not possibly have originated with one who has had the *rough edge* of his nature taken off by the *matrimonial grindstone.*

Sincerely sympathising with the candidates for Hymeneal felicity, we feel ourselves called upon to extend a helping hand to them; and by these presents, greeting, do hereby make known, that we will publish each and every notice of their embarkation for that "undiscovered bourn," free of all cost or charge whatsoever; and farther, we do most positively and solemnly decree and declare, with our open hand upon our *stomach*, and our tongue in a "fine frenzy" *watering*, that we will not refuse to eat a portion of the sweetmeats and drink a bottle of sparkling champaigne into the bargain.

Munden the famous English comedian died on the 6th ult at London, in the [illegible] year of his age. He made his first appearance at Covent Garden in 1790, and continued attached to that stage until 1813—when in consequence of a quarrel with the manager about his salary, he joined the Drury Lane company where he remained until May 1824—when he took his farewell of the public in the Poor Gentleman. He was much esteemed in private life but sometimes accused of parsimony.—*Transcript.*

The Edwardsville Advocate, of last Friday week, says in a postscript, surmounted by a flying trumpeter—

"We are in hourly expectation of the arrival of a mail from the eastward, as a foot traveller from Lebanon informs us, that he passed a very large mail between Carlisle and Lebanon, the day before yesterday, which he thinks will certainly be here this afternoon."

Mr. Everett of Mass. took occasion, in the course of discussion on the Turkish presents, to relate the anecdote of a snuff box, at Berlin, which has been for the last half century presented to foreign ministers at that Court, on their recall, and has been sold by them to goldsmiths, and purchased by the government for similar purposes.—Mr. Adams stated to the House that the identical box was offered to him, when United States Minister to Prussia, in the early part of his political career, and of course declined, in pursuance of that excellent provision in our Constitution, which prohibits our public men from accepting presents from foreign powers.

American Feathered Game.

The Grouse, Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, and Snipe.

THE Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz.—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Partridge, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcocks and Snipes.

These drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life, and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind, is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in these birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the originals, and creditable to himself and his country; and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard scrolls with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a *water* bird among so many land birds, the *canvass back Duck* may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorise it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and addresses to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions to one place will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, should it not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipt of the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part, to take the whole originally subscribed for.

Terms $1 25 each plate, beautifully colored and in pasteboard cases, to be paid [illegible] on delivery.

All communications must be post paid, and addressed to the subscriber, No. [illegible] Library street, Philadelphia. JNO. DOUGHTY.

SAVANNAH
JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the Bonadventure Course, four miles distant from the city, will commence on *Wednesday, the 18th day of April next,* under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club.

Free for any Mare, Horse or Gelding, in the United States.

First day—April 18	
4 Mile heats, for a purse of	$500
Second day—April 19.	
3 Mile heats, for a purse of	$400
Third day—April 20.	
2 Mile heats, for a purse of	$250
Fourth and last day—April 21.	
3 in 5 of 1 mile heats for	$100
(and gate money of that day.)	

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle, Athenian, Milledgeville Journal, and Charleston Mercury, are requested to insert the above once a week until the 18th April.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD,
March 16th, 1832. *Secretary.*

JERUSALEM RACES.

THE second Spring Meeting will commence the second Tuesday in April next, and continue 4 days.

First day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies 1 mile heats—entrance $100, half forfeit—four subscribers to make a race, two already entered; and to close the 1st day of April.

Second day.—Proprietor's Purse—2 mile heats, $150.

Third day.—Jockey Club Purse—$500, 3 mile heats.

Fourth day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, mile heats—entrance $500, half forfeit four subscribers to make a race, one already entered; to close the 1st day of April next.

The Subscriber having purchased the entire interest of this course, pledges himself to use all the means in his power (and they are ample) to give general satisfaction.—The track will be put in complete order, and good stables and litter furnished as usual.—The Newmarket rules to govern in all cases.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, *Proprietor.*

FAIRFIELD RACES,

WILL commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next and continue three days.

First day, a post sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 years old, one hundred dollars entrance, play or pay. Six subscribers and closed.

Mr. Botts,	Mr. Watson,
Mr. Garrison,	Mr. Minge,
Mr. Johnston,	Mr. Adams.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, to close on the 1st of April—four or more to make a race; to which there are three subscribers.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, $300—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, four mile heat—entrance $20. Purse 600 dollars, without discount.

By order of the Club.
JOHN MINGE, } *Proprietors.*
RICHARD ADAMS, }

SWEEPSTAKE RACES,
NEWMARKET, VA.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs subscribers and non subscribers, that the following Sweepstakes are proposed to be run over the New-Market Course, at the times therein specified. Some of them are closed, others not closed—and to them additional subscribers are invited.

1st—A Stud Stake, for spring 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers, and closed—viz:
James J. Harrison, the get of Arab
John M. Botts, Gohanna
Thomas Watson, Tonson, and
William R. Johnson, Medley.

2nd—A Sweepstake for Spring, 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; fifteen subscribers, and closed—viz:
1 Wm. B. Goodwyn enters Tonson filly, out of Chance Mare.
2—F. P. Corbin, b. c. by Trafalgar, do Isabella's Sister.
3—Thos. Watson, b. c. by Tonson, do. sister to Tuckahoe.
4—W. H. Minge, b. f. by Contention, do Lady Creighton.
5—Wm. Wynn, c. by Tonson, do Isabella.
6—O. P. Hare, c. c. Contention do Calypso
7—John D. Amis, H. Wilkinson's colt by Archie do Ratler Mare.
8—Abner Robinson, (no entry in time)
9—W. R. Johnson, A. R. Govan's b. c. full brother to Polly Jones.
10—John M. Botts, Gohanna filly, do Clifford's dam.
11—Edw'd. O. Watkins, ro. c. by Tonson, od Quicksilver.
12—John Minge, Jr. b. c. by Arab, do Merino Ewe.
13—John Walthall, br. c. by Hal, do Remus mare.
14—Jas. J. Harrison, R. K. Mead's Gohanna f. do Lady La Grange.
15—John Flinn, b. c. by Tonson, do Virginian mare.

3rd.—A Sweepstake for fall 1832, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; a few subscribers, and will not close till April 15, 1832.

4th.—A produce sweepstake for spring 1833, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit, nine subscribers and closed.
1—John M. Botts, enters produce of Phillis by Medley.
2—James M. Selden, Diomed mare, by Tonson
3—John Walthall, Remus mare, by Medley,
4—Thomas Watson, Lafayette's dam, by Tonson.
5—W. H. Minge, Franciseo mare, by Medley
6—Wm. R. Johnson, Sally Walker, by Medley
7—James J. Harrison, Archie mare, by Sir Archie
8—Robert C. Williamson, Herod mare, by Medley
9—Edward Wyatt, Archie mare, by Tonson

5th—A Sweepstake for fall 1833, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; two subscribers, and will not close till January 1. 1833.

6th.—A produce Sweepstake for spring 1834, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; ten subscribers and closed.
1—William Wynn, enters produce of Isabella by Merlin.
2—Abner Robinson, produce of Flirtilla
3—Thomas Ridley, Shylock mare, by Marion
4—G. Goodwyn, Archie mare, by Timoleon
5—William B. Goodwyn, Chance mare by Timoleon.
6—Benj. Shapard, Herod mare, by Sir Charles
7—John P. White, Mischief, by do
8—James Saml. G. Baker, Atlantic mare, by Marion.
9—Wm. M. West, Gallatin mare, by
10—John C. Goode, Archduke mare, by Cadmus.

Feb. 17. O. P. HARE, Pro'r.

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 16th of May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep-Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia, the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep-Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races, can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jocky Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars, half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself, when enough shall do so, to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, March 31, 1832.

Our Patrons—Ourselves.—The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that we have formed arrangements and shall soon be able to lay before them communications on all subjects of which our publication treats. Our Sporting friends from almost every section of the Union, have promised us the result of their success with the gun, or the rod, and other useful and interesting matters that may come under their notice; and the Members and Secretaries of several of the most noted Jockey Clubs have also offered us full accounts of any fine Racing or Trotting that shall occur. As a *corps de reserve,* we have procured at considerable expense, a variety of European Periodicals, papers and other works, from which we shall be enabled to glean for the amusement or instruction of our friends, a greater variety of *Miscellanea*, and at a cheaper rate than can elsewhere be found.

We beg leave to return our sincere acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who, though strangers to us, have so strongly interested themselves in the circulation of our paper, and through whose exertions we have been proffered the valuable assistance of several well known writers, to render our columns entertaining and instructive, by making them the medium of their communications.

It may not be improper to state that our success has been commensurate with our endeavors to deserve it; that through the indulgence of our friends, the permanency of our paper is founded on a sure basis. We are happy to have it in our power to remark that on our subscription list are the names of a great number of Sporting gentlemen of celebrity in this and other states, the weight of whose influence in our behalf, so kindly and lavishly bestowed, has contributed in the highest degree to give our publication *that* character and standing, we shall ever be so proud to maintain. And we here again take occasion to pledge ourselves, that our editorial career shall be governed by the strictest propriety, and most gentlemanly feelings—that nothing in any manner objectionable for indelicacy or personality, shall be admitted into our columns.

Racing.—It is a remarkable fact, says the Charleston Courier, that Col. Richardson, the veteran of the Turf, has achieved what no sportsman has before done in South Carolina. He has won three days out of four, with horses raised in the State, and of his own Stud and breeding. Gen. Hampton once won four days but the two best of his racers were raised in Virginia, and he was but a part owner of them. The breed of Col. Richardson's horses is unsurpassed in the United States, and all seemed pleased that his efforts to amuse, resulted so favorably to his fine horses and profitably to himself. There are no better Coursers at the present day, than his *Bertrand, Jr.* and *Little Venus.*

Hunting.—Professor Wilson, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in an article on this subject, says all men who are eloquent on the *cruelty* of hunting, *beat their wives*, and affirms that this is a general rule, admitting of no exceptions. There is another. All men who stammer on the cruelty of hunting, are beaten by their wives. Fortunately these classes are not numerous, otherwise we should be a cock-pecked and hen-pecked generation. Humanity, on the long run, rejoices in pursuing unto the death, on foot, or horseback, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, hyenas, oxes, marts and hares. Were you to talk to himself of the cruelty of killing a lion, he would stun you with a roar of derision—to a tiger, his stripes would wax blacker and brighter in contempt—to a bear, he would hug you to his heart, as the choicest of all imaginable ninnies—to a wolf, he would suspect you of being a man-trap—to a hyena, he would laugh in your face—to a fox, he would give you such a brush you never had in your life—to a mart he would look so sweet upon you that you would be scented like a milliner—to a hare, he would prick up his ears in vain emulation of the length of your own, and wonder to see an ass among the bipeds. They all perfectly well know they were made to be hunted—that they are provided to fit them for that end, with certain organs and members, which otherwise would be comparatively speaking, of little or no use, and would get so rusty, that ere long the creatures would be almost incapable of locomotion, and would absolutely die of fat—the most cruel death in all the catalogue. Therefore, let Sir John Brute and Jerry Sneak henceforth—on the subject of hunting—belong to the dumb animals.

Cholera.—When the report reached Brunswick College, that the Cholera was in Topsham, a student in the *Freshman* class observed that he knew "the Cholera would get here, but he hoped he should be a *Senior* when it arrived, as he understood it only attacked the *lower classes.*"

If however, the Cholera only attacks the "lower classes" *directly*, it will at least effect the *upper* in one manner: foreign papers state that the animal kingdom is suffering from its ravages, and that in Bohemia "hare and fish have necessarily been banished from all tables."

Frazee's Bust of Jay.—This beautiful piece of sculpture, lately exhibited in this city, has excited considerable feeling in relation to the talented artist. Like almost all of our artists, he has been obstructed by poverty; and for his last great effort he is to obtain but a small pittance. Congress ought not to be so parsimonious in its appropriations for ornaments to the capitol. Great men have not been wanting in our country, whose services are worthy of being commemorated by "the marble column."

Pope's first wife was a Miss Young, of Covent Garden Theatre. On the morning after the marriage, she received the following epistle from Mrs. Martyr, of the same theatre.

Dear Madam,—Permit me to be one of the first in offering my congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness; for I must confess, that if his holiness had attacked me, good Protestant as I am, I could not have had the resolution to die

A. MARTYR.

To which Mrs. Pope returned the following answer—

Dear Madam—Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not a time for criticism—but I safely will whisper to my friend that *Pope's Essays,* are in perfect unison with *Young's Night Thoughts.*"

Notice.—Those of our subscribers who do not keep a file of our sheet, and have on hand Nos. 7, 8 and 10, are requested to hand them to the Carriers, who will pay the price of new papers, or they can be exchanged at the Publishing Office for Foreign Publications. We have none of the above Nos. to supply our numerous patrons, who wish to commence with the first No.

☞ We are greatly obliged to the lynx-eyed rhymsters of the *Post*, for informing "*its readers*" of our blunders. We last week, in speaking of the Park Theatre, said, "Mr. Forrest will appear on the 9th *ult.*"—when we should have said, 9th *prox.* This was truly a blunder, and the sage editors of the *Post* deserve great credit for making the discovery.

Wm. J. Dunn.—Circumstances have lately come out showing satisfactorily the justice of his conviction and punishment. A daily paper remarks on the subject of "executive mercy" being extended to Dunn, that "happily the governor, in that particular, has more than once already manifested a *wise and virtuous inflexibility.*"

New Edition of Shakspeare.—We have before us a copy of the dramatic works of Shakspeare, in Royal 8vo, published by Mr. James Conner, corner of Nassau and Ann streets. This is decidedly the handsomest edition of the works of the incomparable poet which has issued from the American press, whether we consider its size or typograpical execution; and no pains nor expense have been spared to make it the most correct by carefully collating it with the latest and most accurate London copies. There are also embodied in the volume a succinct well written life of the author and an extensive glossary, together with seven finely executed engravings illustrative of the seven ages of man. On the whole this is a unique edition, uniting the three great requisites in book making—correctness, beauty, and cheapness. It is printed on fine paper, and afforded at the low price of *one dollar and fifty cents.*

Exchange. A great accession of Subscribers must be our apology for neglecting to send our Country Exchange the last No. Though we hope to receive *great accessions* every week, we shall take measures hereafter to *oblige* our friends. We say *oblige*, for a number of the papers we receive weekly are of no use to *us*; but we would not detract from their just claims for support; Indeed many of them every way desirable to their subscribers have not afforded us a single item, since ours has commenced, and yet they are managed with considerable talent. The reason is obvious, our paper is not strictly a newspaper, and what might otherwise be gleaned from country papers, we procure *sooner* from the city press on the "Atlantic border;" besides, we receive at every arrival a multitude of Foreign papers &c. which are at least, quiet as *well* filled, as those of our our own weekly country papers, and from which our selections are in a principal degree made. Are we excused?

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Editors,—I have read with pleasure your few numbers of the "Spirit," &c and as you intimate a wish that Sportsmen would occasionally give accounts of their success with the gun and the rod, I have attempted to recal and indite a piscatory adventure of my own. You are at liberty to do with it as you please—to print or burn it. IZAAK, Jr.

Among the hills of New-England there is no kind of sporting which gives more pleasure or is more heartily followed than *trout fishing*, and yet not one in a hundred of those Yankees know any thing of the *science* of angling. Trout are so plenty and so frequently taken, that no one thinks it worth his while to make himself an accomplished "knight of the rod," by reading "honest old Izaak." I deem this a very fortunate thing for your true sportsman, thinking that if all were as zealous as myself in following his precepts, fine trout would soon be among "the things that were."

A Yankee fisherman is soon equipped. A pin box of angle-dogs, a stout hemp line of six feet and a rod of twice that length, with 5 or 6 hooks each, strong enough to hold a shark from his offensive armor; a *pistol* of "*aqua vitæ*," (*in case it should rain,*) a dozen crackers with a few smoked herring, complete his *defensive* arrangements. Accoutred in pretty nearly this style, perhaps with rather better tackle, were my friend J—— H—— and myself, when we set off together on a bit of a trouting excursion. It was a capital day in our last fall term at College; taking care not to trouble the good Professors with our requests for "leave of absence," we engaged "Dewey's D[illegible] Jackson, and the double gig" the night before, and were off by sunrise at a killing rate, and reached the place to commence operations quite early. As I said before, it was a capital day; the sun could scarcely be seen through the clouds, and it had rained slightly the day before, but not enough to raise the brooks,—just such a day as "Ja[illegible] Crane" would have gloried in.

We jointed our rods, slung our baskets over our shoulders, made ready our bait, and after eating a nice luncheon, and with a fisherman's appetite, not forgetting to guard against the damp by a draught of "black strap," (these colds are dangerous to us *sedentary, studious* folks) we started for the "old saw mill."

Who was to take the first speckled one? That was yet to be decided, and for this object on we went, over hills and dales, brush and briars, heeding nothing till the rafters of the mill could just be perceived through the slight fog which enveloped it. A shout from both, at this glad moment announced that each anticipated *luck*, but "Jo[illegible] beat the deuce" for getting along over mill-[illegible] and hedge fences, and was the first to mount a favorite rock, under the falls, projecting over what was usually termed the *lucky hole.* I was [illegible] far behind, and by dint of wading to my arm-pits reached and seated myself on a log, where "many a time and oft" I had "cotch'd 'em." Even a *screamer*, before now, I had taken out from among the slabs and saw-dust collected in the eddy formed around the glorious log on which I sat.

My bait was thrown in, when on looking round at "Joe," I saw the "laughing devil in his eye" and knew he "had a bite." Like myself he was a devilish good fellow and a friend of mine, but then he ought not to catch the first trout, at least I *hoped* not. I fidgeted, and even swore, (to myself,) but all would not do. I had not yet felt a bite. To my great satisfaction, however, Joe at that moment hit his box, which in his hurry he had forgotten to secure, with his arm, and over it went into the water. How I chuckled inwardly at the same time, assuring him how mu[illegible]

...an is called Jack Ketch.—
...the name of a public execu-
...years he continued to be
... A famous gentleman of
...ated for the case and celeri-
...the fatal noose, is mention-
...gil Trancestie:

...my lass does trot,
...a halter got,
...strong hempen teir
...could lick her ear,
...with as much art
...could do for his heart."

...r, one Jack Ketch was ad-
...finisher of the law. This
... years ago, but this gentle-
...or of giving his name to all
...is time. In the reign of
...y were called Ketch, as ap-
...satire, written about that

...rving he was chus'd,
...ts much abused,
...counsel dun'd,
...or refund."

...r Reports.

LONDON

...ohn Williams, alias Roberts, ...venty other names, who be- ...ctable fraternity of thieves, ...the "Swell Mob," was ...a fowl. The prosecutor, a ...erer, in Clare market, stated, ...ng he saw the prisoner lur- ...his shop; and after watching ...him take a fowl from the ...nickly off with it. Witness ...him into custody with the ...n, and gave him in charge to ...soon as he could find one. ...as to having taken ...ed the case, the only ... was, the extraordinary de- ...oner while the examination

...ned round, and addressing ..., "Now d——n it, Dodd! ...a fowl! I ask any man of ...ikely; What steal a fowl! ...t at any rate!" ...he prisoner what he had to ...charge, when he answered ...acteristic language ...disguising the fact your wor- ...n here often enough before; ...ip knowing my character as ...k I would steal a fowl? It ...d you know that, and so do

...shall commit you for trial. ...else to say?" ..., Sir, I went to buy a fowl ...I was examining the one ...th stealing, the prosecutor ...e into custody." ...atched him at least twenty ...op before I took him into

...Swell Mobman) "What do

...t say any more. I suppose ...—n my eyes, to go for ...it was any thing in my own ...or a reader, I would n't care; ...ite for a b——y fowl. How ...my pals. I say, Dodd, you ...k you, is n't it a shame and ...go for a foul? You know ...nodded assent, and at this ...risoner in the dock while he ...was signed by the Magistrate. ...is too good to be lost, and the ...ant bolted out of the office, ...in the passage and brought

...at the bar he absolutely put ...violent passion that his only ...into tears. When he was ...he said, "I can't stand this ...then, but to go for a fowl— ...d."—He then struck his head ...e wall and seemed as if bent ...He was however secured— ...onveyed out of the office said, ...ad known it, she should have ...long enough," (alluding, as ...his fancy Madam.) ...pals" were in the office, and ...the occasion evidently hurt ...ev considered that he had ...He was committed for trial.

...V-YORK.

...all, a tall slender man, who ...issing off $5 counterfeit bills ...last Monday evening, was ar- ...rnoon and fully committed to ...t the Court of Sessions.

...en one and two o'clock on ...store of Mr. Floyd Smith, ...e, was entered by means of ...ewelry, consisting of silver ...cases, &c. to the amount of ..., was stolen therefrom. The ...r. Cornelius Van Horn, ob- ...ncealing something under a ...t, he searched the place, and ...art of the stolen property. ...tely seized the men, one of ...n down and then fled; the ...stab him with a large knife; ...ensued the villain fell, and ...of the knife was broken, ...e no doubt preserved the ...the noise alarmed a private ...) who came to the spot, as ...ens, with whose assistance ...red. The one who fled was ...by the assistance of some ...as arrested in Washington ...t. The robbers are named ...d, an old offender, and Wm. ...old locks. When they were ...e Hopson, he despatched to ...those vigilant officers, Messrs. ...where they arrived about 3 ...ing, and in searching it they ...property stolen on Monday ...of Jesse Conklin, No. 227 ...ll is the man who stabbed ...d Quinn is the one who fled.

...ADELPHIA.

...Dunnegan was examined ...mplaint for being a common ...dence was plain that Donne- ...seemed to be aware of his ...requested to say a few words. ...on't you think it a reproach ...f the United States, that a ...hould be just made so uncom- ...a penitentiary? I believe y'r ...a House of Correction. I've ...country, and obtained an ...Just think what y'r honor ...residence. The poor craitur ...) from a blind beggar's ...in a chest o'drawers. He's ...r honor to comprehend the ...ure. Besides, I takes nothing ...I just appeals to Graffer Gray, ...out two pints o' beer the day ...notwithstanding his defence, ...the House of Correction six ...commenced another speech ...unceremoniously spoiled by the ...lion. Come, walk—walk ...could talk a leg off an iron pot.

...BOSTON.

...e young members of the ... ...ed to-day for practising at the ...tels, at which their oratorical ...lights, glasses, and noddles, ...head and front" of the land- ...were, however, put under ...ke a tournament or trial as ...ight waste at the next muni- ...not King Arthur; but Judge ...s, Messrs. Brown, Jones, An- ...f. Sumner, the gallant lady ...want of favor. Chivalry has ...strange windings, but though ...k not the holy land.—Fredo...

DOMESTIC ARTICLES.

The editor of the Reading Journal has been amusing himself with "trout fishing," and the result of his piscatorial "labors of love" was a string of fish such as has not been seen of late in that region. He promises to have a drawing made by a good artist, of the whole bunch, for the "Turf Register." If our brother should amuse himself this week with equal success in the same way, we should be much obliged to him for his own drawing of the new bunch of trout. Views of this kind are scarce in Philadelphia. We have an artist in our eye who will do justice to the "drawing," and make therefrom a plate that shall satisfy the most fastidious taste.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The Rattlesnake.—The late Dr. Thornton in a letter to Mr. Jefferson says, that the *Crotalus Horridus* (Rattlesnake) being peculiar to this country, is the finest emblem of the United States that can be found. It never acts but defensively; it never strikes without giving a fair warning, and when it does strike, it is fatal!

Venison.—Deer have been unusually abundant on the Androscoggin and in the neighborhood of Moose head Lake. A man came to market at this village a few days since with several deer, and stated they were driven into his barn-yard by the wolves, which have also been committing great depredations upon sheep. He related rather a curious fact. The carcass of a sheep was suspended from a tree and a trap set at the foot of the tree. A wolf approached looking at the sheep, and put his foot in the trap but not on the spring; presently another came up and sprung the trap, and when discovered the two wolves had almost killed each other. This was rather a more profitable job than killing deer, as the bounty is $8 a head for wolves, and such has been the abundance of venison that it has been sold in Augusta for 1 1-2 cents per pound.

Bear Caught.—A correspondent at Canastota informs us, that on Saturday the 10th inst. an uncommonly large bear was caught in the "great swamp" about two miles north of that village, by C. H. Cook and J. Story, both residents of the village of Canastota.—*Herald.*

ELOPEMENT.

Whereas my wife Nancy, my fancy,
My love, my pink, my dame
Has left my bed and boarding,
To rove about again;
This caution's therefore to forewarn
All people not to trust
To her the worth of an acorn,
Or lose it all they must,
For I'm determined not to pay
The value of a straw
Of her contracts in any way
Unless compelled by law.
DAVID BURNETT.
Hubbard, March 5th 1832. 187—paid.
Geo. Athenian.

Matrimonial Notices.—We observe, says the Cincinnati Mirror, that the daily papers have lately avowed their determination to *charge* for the insertion of these precious and important items of domestic news. This is most barbarously ungallant, and must have been recommended by some incontinent sprig of bachelorism, whose hardness of heart is equalled only by his incorrigibleness; for such a measure could not possibly have originated with one who has had the *rough edge* of his nature taken off by the *matrimonial grindstone.*

Sincerely sympathising with the candidates for Hymeneal felicity, we feel ourselves called upon to extend a helping hand to them; and by these presents, greeting, do hereby make known, that we will publish each and every notice of their embarkation for that "undiscovered bourn," free of all cost or charge whatsoever; and farther, we do most positively and solemnly decree and declare, with our open hand upon our *stomach*, and our tongue in a "fine frenzy" *watering*, that we will not refuse to eat a portion of the sweetmeats and drink a bottle of sparkling champaigne into the bargain.

Munden the famous English comedian died on the 6th ult at London, in the ..th year of his age. He made his first appearance at Covent Garden in 1790, and continued attached to that stage until 1813—when in consequence of a quarrel with the manager about his salary, he joined the Drury Lane company where he remained until May 1824—when he took his farewell of the public in the Poor Gentleman. He was much esteemed in private life but sometimes accused of parsimony.—*Transcript.*

The Edwardsville Advocate, of last Friday week, says in a postscript, surmounted by a flying trumpeter—

"We are in hourly expectation of the arrival of a mail from the eastward, as a foot traveller from Lebanon informs us, that he passed a very large mail between Carlisle and Lebanon, the day before yesterday, which he thinks will certainly be here this afternoon."

Mr. Everett of Mass. took occasion, in the course of discussion on the Turkish presents, to relate the anecdote of a snuff box, at Berlin, which has been for the last half century presented to foreign ministers at that Court, on their recall, and has been sold by them to goldsmiths and purchased by the government for similar purposes.—Mr. Adams stated to the House that the identical box was offered to him, when United States Minister to Prussia, in the early part of his political career, and of course declined, in pursuance of that excellent provision in our Constitution, which prohibits our public men from accepting presents from foreign powers.

American Feathered Game.

The Grouse, Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, and Snipe.

THE Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz.—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Partridge, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcocks and Snipes.

These drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life, and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind, is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in these birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the originals, and creditable to himself and his country; and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard scrolls with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a water bird among so many land birds, the canvass back Duck may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorise it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and addresses to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions to one place will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, should it not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipt of the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part, to take the whole originally subscribed for.

Terms $1 25 each plate, beautifully colored and in pasteboard cases, to be paid on delivery.

All communications must be post paid and addressed to the subscriber, No. 5 ... street, Philadelphia. JNO. DOUGHTY.

SAVANNAH

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the Bonadventure Course, four miles distant from the city, will commence on *Wednesday, the 18th day of April next*, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club.

Free for any Mare, Horse or Gelding, in the United States.

First day—April 18.	
4 Mile heats, for a purse of	$500
Second day—April 19.	
3 Mile heats, for a purse of	$400
Third day—April 20.	
2 Mile heats, for a purse of	$250
Fourth and last day—April 21.	
3 in 5 of 1 mile heats for	$100

(and gate money of that day.)

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle, Athenian, Milledgeville Journal, and Charleston Mercury, are requested to insert the above once a week until the 18th April.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD,
March 16th, 1832. *Secretary.*

JERUSALEM RACES.

THE second Spring Meeting will commence the second Tuesday in April next, and continue 4 days.

First day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies 1 mile heats—entrance $100, half forfeit—four subscribers to make a race, two already entered; and to close the 1st day of April.

Second day.—Proprietor's Purse—2 mile heats, $150.

Third day.—Jockey Club Purse—$500, 3 mile heats.

Fourth day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, mile heats—entrance $500, half forfeit four subscribers to make a race, one already entered; to close the 1st day of April next.

The Subscriber having purchased the entire interest of this course, pledges himself to use all the means in his power (and they are ample) to give general satisfaction.—The track will be put in complete order, and good stables and litter furnished as usual.—The Newmarket rules to govern in all cases.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, *Proprietor.*

FAIRFIELD RACES,

WILL commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next and continue three days.

First day, a post sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 years old, one hundred dollars entrance, play or pay. Six subscribers and closed.

Mr. Botts,	Mr. Watson,
Mr. Garrison,	Mr. Minge,
Mr. Johnston,	Mr. Adams.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, to close on the 1st of April—four or more to make a race; to which there are three subscribers.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, $300—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, four mile heat—entrance $20. Purse 600 dollars, without discount.

By order of the Club.
JOHN MINGE,
RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKE RACES,
NEWMARKET, VA.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs subscribers and non subscribers, that the following Sweepstakes are proposed to be run over the New-Market Course, at the times therein specified. Some of them are closed, others not closed—and to them additional subscribers are invited.

1st—A Stud Stake, for spring 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers, and closed—viz:

James J. Harrison, the get of Arab
John M. Botts, Gohanna
Thomas Watson, Tonson, and
William R. Johnson, Medley.

2nd—A Sweepstake for Spring, 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; fifteen subscribers, and closed—viz:

1 Wm. B. Goodwyn enters Tonson filly, out of Chance Mare.
2—F. P. Corbin, b. c. by Trafalgar, do Isabella's Sister.
3—Thos. Watson, b. c. by Tonson, do. sister to Tuckahoe.
4—W. H. Minge, b. f. by Contention, do Lady Creighton.
5—Wm. Wynn, c. by Tonson, do Isabella.
6—O. P. Hare, c. c. Contention do Calypso
7—John D. Amis, H. Wilkinson's colt by Archie do Ratler Mare.
8—Abner Robinson, (no entry in time)
9—W. R. Johnson, A. R. Govan's b. c. full brother to Polly Jones.
10—John M. Botts, Gohanna filly, do Clifford's dam.
11—Edw'd. O. Watkins, ro. c. by Tonson, od Quicksilver.
12—John Minge, Jr. b. c. by Arab, do Merino Ewe.
13—John Walthall, br. c. by Hal, do Remus mare.
14—Jas. J. Harrison, R. K. Mead's Gohanna f. do Lady La Grange.
15—John Flinn, b. c. by Tonson, do Virginian mare.

3rd.—A Sweepstake for fall 1832, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; a few subscribers, and will not close till April 15, 1832.

4th.—A produce sweepstake for spring 1833, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit, nine subscribers and closed.

1—John M. Botts, enters produce of Phillis by Medley.
2—James M. Selden, Diomed mare, by Tonson
3—John Walthall, Remus mare, by Medley,
4—Thomas Watson, Lafayette's dam, by Tonson.
5—W. H. Minge, Francisco mare, by Medley
6—Wm. R. Johnson, Sally Walker, by Medley
7—James J. Harrison, Archie mare, by Sir Archie.
8—Robert C. Williamson, Herod mare, by Medley.
9—Edward Wyatt, Archie mare, by Tonson

5th.—A Sweepstake for fall 1833, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; two subscribers, and will not close till January 1, 1833.

6th.—A produce Sweepstake for spring 1834, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; ten subscribers and closed.

1—William Wynn enters produce of Isabella by Merlin.
2—Abner Robinson, produce of Flirtilla
3—Thomas Ridley, Shylock mare, by Marion
4—G. Goodwyn, Archie mare, by Timoleon
5—William B. Goodwyn, Chance mare by Timoleon.
6—Benj. Shapard, Herod mare, by Sir Charles
7—John P. White, Mischief, by do
8—James Saml. G. Baker, Atlantic mare, by Marion.
9—Wm. M. West, Gallatin mare, by
10—John C. Goode, Archduke mare, by Cadmus.

Feb 17. O. P. HARE, Pro'r.

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 16th of May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep-Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia, the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep Stake, mile heats over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races, can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jocky Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars, half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself, when enough shall do so, to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, March 31, 1832.

Our Patrons—Ourselves.—The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that we have formed arrangements and shall soon be able to lay before them communications on all subjects of which our publication treats. Our Sporting friends from almost every section of the Union, have promised us the result of their success with the gun, or the rod, and other useful and interesting matters that may come under their notice; and the Members and Secretaries of several of the most noted Jockey Clubs have also offered us full accounts of any fine Racing or Trotting that shall occur. As a *corps de reserve*, we have procured at considerable expense, a variety of European Periodicals, papers and other works, from which we shall be enabled to glean for the amusement or instruction of our friends, a greater variety of *Miscellanea*, and at a cheaper rate than can elsewhere be found.

We beg leave to return our sincere acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who, though strangers to us, have so strongly interested themselves in the circulation of our paper, and through whose exertions we have been proffered the valuable assistance of several well known writers, to render our columns entertaining and instructive, by making them the medium of their communications.

It may not be improper to state that our success has been commensurate with our endeavors to deserve it; that through the indulgence of our friends, the permanency of our paper is founded on a sure basis. We are happy to have it in our power to remark that on our subscription list are the names of a great number of Sporting gentlemen of celebrity in this and other states, the weight of whose influence in our behalf, so kindly and lavishly bestowed, has contributed in the highest degree to give our publication *that* character and standing, we shall ever be so proud to maintain. And we here again take occasion to pledge ourselves, that our editorial career shall be governed by the strictest propriety, and most gentlemanly feelings—that nothing in any manner objectionable for indelicacy or personality, shall be admitted into our columns.

Racing.-It is a remarkable fact, says the Charleston Courier, that Col. Richardson, the veteran of the Turf, has achieved what no sportsman has before done in South Carolina. He has won three days out of four, with horses raised in the State, and of his own Stud and breeding. Gen. Hampton once won four days but the two best of his racers were raised in Virginia, and he was but a part owner of them. The breed of Col. Richardson's horses is unsurpassed in the United States, and all seemed pleased that his efforts to amuse, resulted so favorably to his fine horses and profitably to himself. There are no better Coursers at the present day, than his *Bertrand, Jr.* and *Little Venus.*

Hunting.—Professor Wilson, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in an article on this subject, says all men who are eloquent on the *cruelty* of hunting, *beat their wives*, and affirms that this is a general rule, admitting of no exceptions. There is another. All men who stammer on the cruelty of hunting, are beaten by their wives. Fortunately these classes are not numerous, otherwise we should be a cock-pecked and hen-pecked generation. Humanity, on the long run, rejoices in pursuing unto the death, on foot, or horseback, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, hyenas, oxes, marts and hares. Were you to talk to himself of the cruelty of killing a lion, he would stun you with a roar of derision—to a tiger, his stripes would wax blacker and brighter in contempt—to a bear, he would hug you to his heart, as the choicest of all imaginable ninnies—to a wolf, he would suspect you of being a man-trap—to a hyena, he would laugh in your face—to a fox, he would give you such a brush you never had in your life—to a mart he would look so sweet upon you that you would be scented like a milliner—to a hare, he would prick up his ears in vain emulation of the length of your own, and wonder to see an ass among the bipeds. They all perfectly well know they were made to be hunted—that they are provided to fit them for that end, with certain organs and members, which otherwise would be comparatively speaking, of little or no use, and would get so rusty, that ere long the creatures would be almost incapable of locomotion, and would absolutely die of fat—the most cruel death in all the catalogue. Therefore, let Sir John Brute and Jerry Sneak henceforth—on the subject of hunting—belong to the dumb animals.

Cholera.—When the report reached Brunswick College, that the Cholera was in Topsham, a student in the *Freshman* class observed that he knew "the Cholera would get here, but he hoped he should be a *Senior* when it arrived, as he understood it only attacked the *lower classes.*"

If however, the Cholera only attacks the "lower classes" *directly*, it will at least effect the *upper* in one manner: foreign papers state that the animal kingdom is suffering from its ravages, and that in Bohemia "hare and fish have necessarily been banished from all tables."

Frazee's Bust of Jay.—This beautiful piece of sculpture, lately exhibited in this city, has excited considerable feeling in relation to the talented artist. Like almost all of our artists, he has been obstructed by poverty; and for his last great effort he is to obtain but a small pittance. Congress ought not to be so parsimonious in its appropriations for ornaments to the capitol. Great men have not been wanting in our country, whose services are worthy of being commemorated by "the marble column."

Pope's first wife was a Miss Young, of Covent Garden Theatre. On the morning after the marriage, she received the following epistle from Mrs Martyr, of the same theatre.

Dear Madam,—Permit me to be one of the first in offering my congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness; for I must confess, that if his holiness had attacked me, good Protestant as I am, I could not have had the resolution to die

A. MARTYR.

To which Mrs. Pope returned the following answer—

Dear Madam—Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not a time for criticism—but I safely will whisper to my friend that *Pope's Essays* are in perfect unison with *Young's Night Thoughts.*"

Notice.—Those of our subscribers who do not keep a file of our sheet, and have on hand Nos. 7, 8 and 10, are requested to hand them to the Carriers, who will pay the price of new papers, or they can be exchanged at the Publishing Office for Foreign Publications. We have none of the above Nos. to supply our numerous patrons, who wish to commence with the first No.

☞ We are greatly obliged to the lynx-eyed rhymsters of the *Post*, for informing "*its readers*" of our blunders. We last week, in speaking of the Park Theatre, said, "Mr. Forrest will appear on the 9th *ult.*"—when we should have said, 9th *prox.* This was truly a blunder, and the sage editors of the *Post* deserve great credit for making the discovery.

Wm. J. Dunn.—Circumstances have lately come out showing satisfactorily the justice of his conviction and punishment. A daily paper remarks on the subject of "executive mercy" being extended to Dunn, that "happily the governor, in that particular, has more than once already manifested a *wise and virtuous inflexibility.*"

New Edition of Shakspeare.—We have before us a copy of the dramatic works of Shakspeare, in Royal 8vo, published by Mr. James Conner, corner of Nassau and Ann streets. This is decidedly the handsomest edition of the works of the incomparable poet which has issued from the American press, whether we consider its size or typographical execution: and no pains nor expense have been spared to make it the most correct by carefully collating it with the latest and most accurate London copies. There are also embodied in the volume a succinct well written life of the author and an extensive glossary, together with seven finely executed engravings illustrative of the seven ages of man. On the whole this is a unique edition, uniting the three great requisites in book making—correctness, beauty, and cheapness. It is printed on fine paper, and afforded at the low price of *one dollar and fifty cents.*

Exchange. A great accession of Subscribers must be our apology for neglecting to send our Country Exchange the last No. Though we hope to receive *great accessions* every week, we shall take measures hereafter to *oblige* our friends. We say *oblige*, for a number of the papers we receive weekly are of no use to *us*; but we would not detract from their just claims for support; Indeed many of them every way desirable to their subscribers have not afforded us a single item, since ours has commenced, and yet they are managed with considerable talent. The reason is obvious; our paper is not strictly a newspaper, and what might otherwise be gleaned from country papers, we procure *sooner* from the city press on the "Atlantic border;" besides, we receive at every arrival a multitude of Foreign papers &c. which are at least, quiet as *well* filled, as those of our own weekly country papers, and from which our selections are in a principal degree made. Are we excused?

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Editors,—I have read with pleasure your few numbers of the "Spirit," &c. and as you intimate a wish that Sportsmen would occasionally give accounts of their success with the gun and the rod, I have attempted to recal and indite a piscatory adventure of my own. You are at liberty to do with it as you please—to print or burn it. IZAAK, Jr.

Among the hills of New-England there is no kind of sporting which gives more pleasure, or is more heartily followed than *trout fishing*, and yet not one in a hundred of those Yankees know any thing of the *science* of angling. Trout are so plenty and so frequently taken, that no one thinks it worth his while to make himself an accomplished "knight of the rod," by reading "honest old Izaak." I deem this a very fortunate thing for your true sportsman, thinking that if all were as zealous as myself in following his precepts, fine trout would soon be among "the things that were."

A Yankee fisherman is soon equipped. A pill box of angle-dogs, a stout hemp line of six feet, and a rod of twice that length, with 5 or 6 hooks each, strong enough to hold a shark from his offensive armor; *a pistol of "aqua vitæ," (in case it should rain,)* a dozen crackers with a few smoked herring, complete his *defensive* arrangements. Accoutred in pretty nearly this style, perhaps with rather better tackle, were my friend J—— H—— and myself, when we set off together on a bit of a trouting excursion. It was a capital day in our last fall term at College; taking care not to trouble the good Professors with our requests for "leave of abscence," we engaged "Dewey's Dr. Jackson, and the double gig" the night before, and were off by sunrise at a killing rate, and reached the place to commence operations quite early. As I said before, it was a capital day; the sun could scarcely be seen through the clouds, and it had rained slightly the day before, but not enough to raise the brooks,—just such a day as "Jack Crane" would have gloried in.

We jointed our rods, slung our baskets over our shoulders, made ready our bait, and after eating a nice luncheon, and with a fisherman's appetite, not forgetting to guard against the damp by a draught of "black strap," (these colds are so dangerous to us *sedentary, studious* folks) we started for the "old saw mill."

Who was to take the first speckled one? This was yet to be decided, and for this object on we went, over hills and dales, brush and briars, heeding nothing till the rafters of the mill could just be perceived through the slight fog which enveloped it. A shout from both, at this glad moment, announced that each anticipated *luck*, but "Joe" beat the deuce" for getting along over mill-logs and hedge fences, and was the first to mount a favorite rock, under the falls, projecting over what was usually termed the *lucky hole.* I was not far behind, and by dint of wading to my arm-pits, reached and seated myself on a log, where "many a time and oft" I had "cotch'd 'em." Even a *screamer*, before now, I had taken out from among the slabs and saw dust collected in the eddy formed around the glorious log on which I sat.

My bait was thrown in, when on looking round at "Joe," I saw the "laughing devil in his eye," and knew he "had a bite." Like myself he was a devilish good fellow and a friend of mine, but then he ought not to catch the first trout, at least I *hoped* not. I fidgeted, and even swore, (to myself,) but all would not do. I had not yet felt a bite. To my great satisfaction, however, Joe, at that moment hit his box, which in his hurry he had forgotten to secure with his arm, and over it went into the water. How I chuckled inwardly at the same time, assuring him how much I regretted his mishap, and offering my assistance while he was wading up to his neck almost, to reach his box. Suffice it to say, that before he recovered it, I felt, first the gentle nibble, and then the desperate lounge of a real "scrowger;" by giving him line, as a sharper does his victim, I succeeded in bringing him in. He was a "tearer," and the *best 'un* I ever had taken in the stream. With what exquisite feelings of delight and self-gratulation did I hold him up to Joe by his red, quivering gills. He would well have repaid me a dozen turns of ill-luck.

We fished a short time longer at the falls, and then prepared to go up the stream into the shady woods, as the day was growing warm. We deposited our coats and other unnecessary matters in security, and after another "tip at the canteen," started for the woods. It may not be amiss here to remark, that the Yankees generally fish *up* the stream, in despite of the asseverations of some pseudo-learned "masters of the science," who decry this method of procedure. We tried both ways; for after ascending about two miles, with fine success, and getting a little fatigued with our exertions, we concluded we should not be able to reach home in season for "prayers," if we did not turn our faces down stream; and so homeward. We seated ourselves beneath a little cluster of alders, and pulling out our *pocket pistol* and luncheon, we enjoyed a good dinner, made repeated libations to the success of all true lovers of the rod, and again commenced operations.

In our progress down, we did not succeed as well as when angling up the stream, and from repeated experiments in different brooks, I can say for one, that the former way is decidedly preferable; and should any one through your columns, Messrs. Editors, incline to the latter method, I will endeavor to convince him by "fair and honorable means," that his opinion is entirely incorrect. If any *other* way is preferable, why will not some of your Southern and Western sporting friends, give us "Down Easters," an inkling into the secret of their success?

We at length reached the "old mill," and after trying a while, pulled up our lines, unjointed our rods, washed our fists, and made ready for home. We had, as we anticipated, fine sport; we numbered nearly 200 beautiful trout, which was not considered a bad day's work for two "younkers."

We started for "old Dartmouth," and never did horse roll happy fellows to a pleasanter tune. We kissed our hands to what few pretty lasses we met, and arrived in Hanover, as the "second bell" was tolling, and therefore just in time.

I have thus endeavored to give you a sketch of *Trout Fishing in Vermont*, and though a poor affair, as I allow, yet it has the merit of being true. This being my first attempt, in writing for a paper, you will, I trust, overlook the various inaccuracies and want of raciness that occur. In a future paper, I am in hopes to improve my style as well as the subject of my story, and as we have it in contemplation to get up a club, if we should succeed, I will see that you are furnished with the result of its skill.

Hanover, N. H. March, 1832.

We feel indebted to our correspondent for his communication. It recals to *ourselves* many curious and interesting scenes; and we more than suspect that we are acquainted with our correspondent and his friend. The fishing story is quite faithful, except in the *denouement.* In our day, excursions of the kind, always concluded with a "back recitation" to Tutor A., and a "call at 8 o'clock" from Prof. B. and a *fine for Pa to pay.* This latter affair is quite a useful expedient "College folks" have, to make students work. It is founded on the great reluctance of students at running their fathers in to debt, and their strong aversion to have Pa fined to let them escape Conic Sections and Longinus, and "go a fishing." *Of course*, it is wonderfully efficacious.

View of the City of New-York and its Environs; New-York, Peabody & Co.—This constitutes No. IV of this cheap and well executed publication; each number containing four engravings, and those in that now before us are,—1st of the *Washington Institute* and of the *new Reservoir*; 2d of the *Hudson River from Hoboken*; 3d of *Coffee-House Slip*; 4th of *Theatre Row*; each of them illustrated by a well written memoir.

George Cruikshank versus the Cholera, or Fun versus Physic. To those who like fun better than physic, we cordially recommend Punch and Judy as the most perfect anti-cholera that has yet appeared. We may truly say:

"Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the phthisic;
And it is, we all know, the very best of physic."

The French Chamber of Deputies.—A correspondent in the Standard, gives the following description of a scene in the French Chamber—"Imagine sixty members all screaming at once; imagine fifty members with clenched fists threatening the President at once; imagine twenty members all approaching near the president, and threatening to force him to leave the chair; imagine a dozen deputies all scrambling who should present, or rather push against, the President his own hat, and ordering him to put it on and retire; imagine M. Barthe, the Minister of Justice, hallooing from the tribune for a quarter of an hour, without any one being able to hear a word; imagine the Hussiers in the Chamber holding deputies by the tails of their coats to prevent them from fighting the few ministerial members who remained in the Chamber; imagine all this lasting for nearly two hours, and then you will be able to imagine, and only something, not a thousandth part, of the scandalous and horrible scene which I have this day witnessed."

A ludicrous story is told of Col. Horry, who was once ordered to await the approach of a British detachment in ambuscade; he performed it with such skill, that he had them completely in his power; when, from a dreadful impediment in his speech by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word fire. In vain he made the attempt—it was fi, fi, fi, fi—but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to madness, he exclaimed, "Shoot, d—d you—shoot—you know very well what I would say—shoot, shoot and be d—d to you!" He was present in every engagement of consequence, and on occasions increased his reputation. At Quinby, Col. Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out, "I am wounded, Col." Horry replied, "think no more of it Baxter, but stand to your post." "But I cant stand Col. I am wounded a second time." "Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post." "Col." cried the wounded man, "they have shot me again, and if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces." "Be it so Baxter, but stir not." He obeyed the order, and actually received the fourth wound before this engagement ended.

Garden's Biographical Sketches.

A true Man of Business.—When the fact of the calamitous fire which consumed the late Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, was first communicated to Mr. T. Harris, (the then proprietor,) at Belmont, Uxbridge, the messenger asked what was the first thing to be done? "Why bid him up again, man," was the reply. The carriage being immediately ordered, the coachman naturally asked if he was to drive to the theatre. "No," to the architect, (said Mr. H.) he will tell us when there shall be a theatre to drive to."

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.

The same notice we gave last week of the performances at this theatre might very well serve our turn to-day. Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Knight, Miss Hughes and Mr. Sinclair have been "all the go." If however the singing has been good, there have been some *mistakes*, at least, in the announcement of the plays for particular evenings. In the first part of the week one of these *mistakes* occurred, which resulted merely in nothing more than an exchange of the part of the Princess in Massaniello from Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Sharpe. This was hardly of no consequence. But on Thursday the Opera of Guy Mannering was announced for Friday evening, in which Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Hughes were to appear. As this opera was a novelty, not having been performed for a considerable time, and as it was so strongly *cast*, there was a good deal of anxiety to secure tickets, and we understand that a great number were disposed of on Thursday, to make sure of seats. On Friday morning the papers announce Cinderella, a *very rare Opera*, having been performed more than seventy times within a year. It would have been very well however, were it not for the disappointment.

We hardly know to what to attribute these *mistakes*, unless we suppose that the members of the company are at "loggerheads." We hope better for them.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

The performances at this house have been unusually interesting. Among the various pieces which have been played, are some of Shakspeare's best tragedies, and a few elegant comedies. For both these departments of the drama, there are fit persons in the company. Hamblin is universally popular in his Macbeth and Hamlet, and it may be unnecessary to say that Mr. Blanchard is perfect in all the parts he attempts. We say it may be unnecessary to mention this; for Mr. Blanchard's standing in Europe as an elegant comedian has led us to expect so much from him, that nothing but rare excellence in him would be tolerated, and yet he uniformly plays to good houses. The parts of Lady Macbeth and Orphelia, Cora, Elvira, Mrs. Pimpernell, Fanny and Mrs Twiselton have been filled by Miss Clifton, Miss Waring, Mrs. Mangeon and Miss Johnson. Of course we have been charmed by their dignity, beauty, spirit and grace.

It is frequently remarked that nothing is more insipid than elegant Comedy badly performed—For this reason it has generally given place to Operas and broad Farce. But now that Mr. Hamblin has one in his *troupe* capable of doing justice to good comedy, why not attempt it oftener?

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.
COMMUNICATION.

The friends of American genius must have been highly gratified by the truly respectable audience that graced this neat establishment on Thursday evening last, being for the benefit of Mr. Mestayer. The Americans, it seems, determined to give their talented favorite a pleasing night, and a benefit indeed; the Pit was crowded to excess with his friends who greeted the hero of the night with plaudits that rung the vaulted roof. The Boxes were full, and seldom have we seen a brighter assemblage of female beauty. As a native American, of the second generation, (both his parents being Americans, and respectable performers,) he inherits his genuine abilities from nature rather than education. On this evening, himself, his two sisters, and brother-in-law, Mr. Thorne, afforded their friends an entertainment truly luxurious. The celebrated drama of Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva could not have been better played. Of Mrs. Duff's performance we can only say that it was in her usual style of excellence. A lady to whose talent the admiring audience of both hemispheres have yielded the most unbounded approbation, can receive no increase of fame from my humble pen. Of the other characters we can only say, Mrs. Belcour, as the Countess, was matronly and well supported. Mr. Clarke's Fontaine was every thing the character of a Christian pastor ought to be. No enthusiasm to mar its beauty; calm, placid and serene, he stood forward the brave protector of Orphan innocence. And Mr Mestayer, as Lavigne, was quite at home and with his wit kept the house continually laughing. The character of Carwin is considered one of the most difficult in the dramatic walk, but it was ably and justly sustained by our youthful fellow-citizen, Mr. Thorne, with uniform excellence through the whole piece. To which succeeded an Olio, which was well conducted. The evening's entertainments concluded with the Farce of the Young Widow, in which Mr. Mestayer sustained the part of Splash in his usual unrivalled manner. Mrs. C. Thorne, as Aurelia, was unusually happy, and Mrs. Belcour as Lucy, was ... C.

Theatrical Miscellanies.

The London Theatrical critics express some surprise that Mr. Blanchard, who is now playing at the Bowery, does not create a greater sensation with theatre going people here.

Pantomimes have been for some time, and still are, all the rage. Four hundred persons in London are nightly employed in the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre, on the stage, behind the scenes, and in the orchestra. Of this number are 90 carpenters in the machinery, property, and scene department. The usual cost of one of these relicts of olden Christmas at a patent theatre is 2000l, and upwards of 10,000l are annually expended in producing pantomime for the amusement of the large and little children of this great metropolis.—*American.*

A London paper says, that the celebrated Taglioni was lately nearly overwhelmed by the fall of a theatrical thunder cloud. A wag reading the account over our shoulder, says that was but in conformity to the *Lex Talionis* (legs Taglioni) that the clouds should at length think of returning the many visits which had been made to them by the *danseuse.*

Fortune's Freaks.—There was lately a performer acting at the Dover Theatre, on a salary not passing 2s. a week, and, of course, though he had served in the army, he was somewhat puzzled how to carry on the war, when news came that a younger relative, a baronet, was no more, and that the actor succeeded to the title, and £17,000 per annum. The person alluded to is Sir —— Anstruther; he was eating a shilling dinner in one of the Bow street ordinaries, when the newspaper containing the account of the death of his relative, was placed in his hands.—*English paper.*

A Singing Paganini.—La Paganini was an admirable singer and actress. She came to this country in 1760, and increased so much in reputation, that when it was her turn to have a benefit, such a crowd assembled as was never before seen on the like occasion; not one-third of the company that presented themselves at the Opera-House doors were able to obtain admission. Caps were lost and gowns torn to pieces, without number or mercy, in the struggle to get in. Ladies in full dress, who had sent away their servants and carriages, were obliged to walk home in great numbers without caps or attendants. Luckily the weather was fine, and did not add to their distress by rain or wind, though their confusion was greatly augmented by its being broad daylight and the streets full of spectators, who would neither refrain from looking or laughing at such splendid and uncommon street-walkers.

At Garrick's "Shakspeare Jubilee," Foote recovered from his accident, and, as buoyant as a cork-leg could keep him, sallied forth in all the temptation of cheerfulness and humor to find metal more attractive than declamation. He was immediately recognised, and a tall corpulent gentleman, splendidly dressed and extremely important, advanced from the circle to enjoy a personal intercourse with the wit. Foote knew how to throw a vain man off his guard by a compliment, and said to him, "Pray, Sir, has the county of Warwick, the honor of giving birth to you as well as Shakspeare?" "No," said the uncouth gentleman, "I come out of Essex." "Out of Essex!" exclaimed Foote, "and who drove you?" Roars of laughter immediately drove the overfed and unwieldy animal out of the field he had so rashly presumed to occupy. Foote afterwards characterised the whole festival thus:—"A jubilee is a public invitation circulated by puffing, to go post without horses to a borough without Representative—governed by a Mayor and Alderman, who are not Magistrates, to celebrate a great poet, whose own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry—music without melody—dinners without victuals—and lodgings without beds—a masquerade where half the people are barefaced—a horse race up to the knees in water—fire-works extinguished as soon as they are lighted, and a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a house of cards, tumbles to pieces as soon as it is finished."—*Memoirs and Correspondence of David Garrick.*

Kean appeared lately at the Glasgow Theatre in the character of Richard the Third, to a crowded and brilliant audience, who, it is said, received him with the most unequivocal tokens of approbation.

Actresses.—A funeral sermon was preached upon Nell Gwynne by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the notorious Nan Catley was received in the highest circles after her marriage; and the remains of Mrs. Oldfield, after lying in state, were borne to Westminster Abbey by two noblemen, where a monument was afterwards erected to her memory.

Mr Bulwer's novel of "Eugene Aram," has been dramatized by Moncrieff, and is to be produced at the Surry Theatre. Report, says the London Courier, speaks highly of its interest. The same paper says that Miss Mitford has written a very pretty Opera, on a natural village story, which has been accepted at Drury lane; and that she was in London making arrangements for its production after the existing and immediately forthcoming novelties.

One night during the performance of "The Mysteries of the Castle," Reynolds, expressing his surprise at the thinness of the house, said, "I suppose it is owing to the war." "No," replied Morton, "It is owing to the *piece.*"

Blanchard went out under articles from Hamblin, his son-in-law; they are liberal, and will not be affected by the occasional depression of receipts.

Munden, who died lately in London, made his debut at Covent-garden Theatre, Dec. 2, 1790, as Sir Francis Gripe and Jemmy Jumps. In the latter, he succeeded the celebrated Edwin, (the best comic singer on the English stage,) and was eminently successful. In 1813 he accepted an engagement at Drury-lane theatre, where he continued until his final retirement from the boards on Monday, May 31, 1824. He selected for his last appearance, Sir Robert Bramble, in The Poor Gentleman, and his masterly character of Old Dozey in Fast Ten o'clock.

Girardini, (whose popularity in England at one period nearly equalled that of Paganini now,) had, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his execution, but small pretensions to musical science. When somebody told Dr. Boyce, that he pro fessed to teach composition in twenty lessons, "All that he knows," sarcastically replied the Doctor, "he might teach in *ten.*"

Mrs. Royall announces that her new play, "The Cabinet," is nearly ready for publication, and will appear shortly. We were allowed, some months since, the exalted privilege of perusing some of the manuscript pages. It is a rare production, stamped with a bold impress of the mind of the venerable authoress. It is of little consequence whether it be read from the first act to the fifth, in dramatic succession, or, vice versa, from the finale to the opening scene—the plot will be the same in either case, equally intricate, and most felicitously developed.—*Transcript.*

Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.

THE public are respectfully informed that this popular establishment still continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchased at *Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages *new* and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Galleries—Horses kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The Riding Academy under the immediate superintendance of Mr. *Blyth* is open for the winter season and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

BLYTH & WATSON,
Tattersall's 446 Broadway.

Marble.

H. CLINTON PAGE continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New-York such as Gravestones, tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funeral Monuments of every description, executed to order with elegance and despatch.

N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No. .. Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,

130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c. payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Gentlemen's calf do do
3000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do
3000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
1000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half heeled Roans.
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.
2000 do do Buckskin do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Frniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 218, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Musical Instruments, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from the Brig Laura, two cases of Music and Musical Instruments; consisting of Violins, bound with Ivory, and Patent Screws; Violin Bows, inlaid with Pearl and Silver, of superior workmanship; beautiful Guitars, with Machine Screws, inlaid with Pearl; Violin Pegs, do. extra fine, with Ebony and Pearl sides; do. Tail Pieces; do. Bridges; Violin Strings. Military Instruments, consisting of Concert Horns, with 4, 6, and 9 pair of Crooks Trumpets, Bass and Tenor Trombones, Bass Horns, also a new and beautiful instrument named the Bombadore, with twelve keys.

New Music for the Piano and Flute; Duetts for two Flutes; Overtures for two Flutes; Operas for two Violins; do. for two Violins and Bass Viol; Guitar Music; Trios for Flutes, &c.

Also on hand, a large assortment of Instruments of his own manufacture; Splendid Eight-keyed Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, and Accordions. The Accordion is played upon by the hands, with gentle motion, and emits most beautiful sounds. The above articles can be had on the most liberal terms, at the store of

C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 Pearl-street.

Robert H. Elton,

Engraver on Wood, No. 137 Division-st.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, 175, Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Western Merchants, that he has recently opened a Book Store on an extensive plan, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. and has made such arrangements as will enable him to sell at the lowest New-York cash prices and 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the Western country—Eastern *writing paper* and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞ Rags in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

Orders directed to S. J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa. will meet prompt attention.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N. Y.

N. B. All the Foreign and American Periodicals can obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making to bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand, and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

Every article made use of in the Printing line, furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices

JAMES CONNER.
Franklin Buildings, corner of Nassau & Anns

TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

March Trade Sale.

THE subscribers notify the *Trade* that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already preparing, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the line. The assortment of Black Stock to be sold in this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond copies. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plates; the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.

There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.

The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.

Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.

Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these periodical sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for their property.

Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after this date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.

Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments; consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.

Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges as heretofore.

PEARSON & GURLEY,
New York Long Room, 169 *Broadway.*
New York City, Jan. 13, 1832

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From Frazer's Magazine.

A TORY.

To her father, one morning, young Caroline cried,
"Pray, tell me, Papa what's a Tory !
"An odd-looking creature," her father replied,
"The queerist, my dear, that you ever espied,
Or heard of in nursery story :—
A political drone, that lives at his ease
On the honey that's gathered by hard working bees,
A sinecure lover, that hates restitution,—
A moth that eats holes in our good constitution,—
A puppy, that fawns at the feet of the great
And lies 'mong the rubbish and dust of the state,
Delighting in pensions and jobs that are shabby,
While loud he can bluster, look angry, and storm,
And raise up his hair like your maiden aunt's tabby,
Should you mention before him the Bill of Reform."

DUELLING.

No duel yet !—It is a pity our wise and dignified Legislators and Public Officers at Washington, cannot adopt some method of fighting duels without having recourse to "villainous saltpetre" or cold steel, to which they very naturally evince an insuperable repugnance. An individual would deserve the thanks of *men of honor*, who would invent some efficient method by which gentlemen may resent affronts, and settle *affairs*, without running the risk of being called cowards and poltroons, or of having "a bullet lodged in the thorax," or a thrust of a small sword in the abdomen. We have somewhere read of a duel which was fought with un-military weapons, and in a manner which we recommend to the serious consideration of those blustering Bobadils who long to fight, but are afraid.

A dispute occurred between two *gentlemen*, who were confined in the Fleet prison in London. Their language waxed warm, recriminations and abusive epithets followed, and it was at length very properly decided that the affair should be settled in an honorable way. Unfortunately, neither guns, pistols, or swords, could be found within the precincts of their cells. A blood-thirsty fellow suggested that *skewers* should be used, and borrowed a pair from the gaoler for that purpose, but his proposition was rejected by the principals with unequivocal symptoms of horror. At length a more pacific member of the Club, proposed that each of the parties should be armed with a *pipe*, loaded to the muzzle with burning *brimstone* and *assafœtida*: that they should then retire to a corner of the common apartment, and seated on low stools, facing each other, puff these diabolical fumes in each other's faces, and whoever first *funked* out should be considered *defunct*. The project was adopted.

They armed themselves accordingly, and the battle commenced. They both exhibited proofs of a steady, determined courage, which, on the field of battle, would have ensured them eternal renown. As the smoke came thicker and faster, they made horrible grimaces—but did not flinch an inch. At last one of the parties, who was of rather a plethoric habit, could bear it no longer—he was seized with a fit of coughing, during which his antagonist ungerously poured in upon him an unremitting fire, or more properly smoke, until the poor fellow *fainted* upon the spot, and fell gloriously in the field of honor. The victor declared himself fully satisfied, and was hailed with acclamations by his surrounding friends.

Promotion.—Louis Barbier owed all his good fortune to the familiar knowledge he had of Rabelais, which he knew by heart. This served to introduce him to the Duke of Orleans, who took great pleasure in reading that author. It was for this that he gave him an abbey; and he was gradually promoted till he became a cardinal.

M. de Chamillart, minister of France, owed his promotion merely to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV. at billiards. He retired with a pension, after ruining the finances of his country.

Sir Walter Raleigh's advancement in the graces of Queen Elizabeth, originated in an action of gallantry. He found the Queen walking, and a wet place incommoding her royal footsteps; Raleigh immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The Queen stepped cautiously on it, and passed over dry, but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent, a flattery.—Shortly after, Capt. Raleigh became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the Queen's favor.

Sir Christopher Hatton was indebted for his preferment, to his dancing. "Queen Elizabeth," observed Dr. Granger, "with all her sagacity, could not see her future Lord Chancellor in the fine dancer."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

Anecdote.—A correspondent at Boston has favored us with the following anecdote, which he assures us is authentic—*Constellation.*

A few evenings since, as Deacon A. of Boston, was returning home to supper, he was met in the street by a "member of the House," from "down along shore," who requested to be directed to the Theatre. "Come to my house and sup," said he who recognised an old acquaintance, "and afterwards you can go with me." After supper, the Deacon took his guest along with him to the Rev. Dr. B.'s Church. As they were ascending the steps, the member whispered to his guide, that he thought he should get a gallery ticket, "No" said the Deacon, come with me, and set in my box"—and in they went. In service time, the "member" appeared evidently disconcerted. He looked at the minister—and at his friend—then round the house, and at the minister again—then rolled his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other—but said nothing. At length the services were concluded, and as they were retiring, the Deacon asked his companion how he liked the play.—"Why," answered the member, at the same time discharging a quart of tobacco juice which had been accumulating in his mouth during service time, upon the elegant broad aisle carpet, "Why, the *play* was good enough, but you had the awkwardest *actor* ever I saw, and be darn'd to him!"

Sign Boards.—At Nuneaton, near Coventry, the first sign is peculiarly facetious, i. e.—"The Cheshire Cheese, Nuneaton" (*none eaten*). In the same town are the following curious announcements :—Fresh eggs laid every day—by me, W Bewley." And at an inn—"Coaches four times a day, and *returned* chaises *stop going and coming!*"

We understand the Countess of Rossini, (Sontag) during her last professional tour to Hamburg, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, realized the sum of £8000, after paying the whole of her expenses, which were very considerable. The Countess is now residing at the Hague, with her husband, the Prussian Charge d'Affairs.

St. Patrick.—At Boston, the sons of the Emerald Isle, celebrated Saturday the anniversary of their patron Saint. Long life to them and theirs. May the green gem of the ocean never lose its sheen, nor a flaw be found in the heart of an Irishman.—*Transcript.*

Pedestrianism.—Kipper the celebrated Norfolk pedestrian, finished one of his matchless performances on Saturday night last, having walked in six days, 360 miles, allowing himself 60 miles per day. The line of his operations was from Skipton to Bradford, the distance front each place being twenty miles.—*Eng. paper*

How to Quell a Riot in a Theatre.—Louis Bonaparte, who was distinguished for his humanity, said :—"For my part I cannot see why bayonets should be employed to quell every petty tumult in a play-house. To put an end to them, artificial shower baths should be placed in the ceiling over the pit, too give it a sprinkling when too noisy." We would recommend this cooling method to the managers of theatres in our own country.—*Constellation.*

Another Editor Rewarded.—The editor of the Transcript has been elected a trustee of the *lying-in hospital*. The editor of the U. S. Gazette, who will have his joke on every subject, however serious and important, has made the following remarks on the event above announced: "We believe our brother of the Transcript is a bachelor—the more honor redounds to him from the selection, and we heartily congratulate him on his new honors, knowing as we do, that he will not increase the business of his office by undue means."—*Sentinel.*

FOX-HUNTING IN FAIRFAX, VA.

Fairfax court-house, Va. Feb. 16, 1832.

Mr. Editor.—Yesterday we were joined by two neighbors to hunt. We repaired at an early hour to a *red fox* den, about three miles distant, upon the farm of Mr. M. C. Fitzhugh. We set out with just ten couple of dogs. When we arrived at the spot, where, with breathless anxiety, every huntsman was expecting every moment a burst, or so warm a drag as to be but little, if at all inferior to a full cry; but to our surprise the scent was cold, and but here and there a dog would give evidence that she had been there in time long passed. *Old Dart*, having more knowledge than most dogs, (though of late he has seemed somewhat deaf from a severe race, and consequently not much confided in,) by instinct, reasoning, or some such thing, he bore away to the south, and soon told that a fox had walked there. After an animated and delightfully interesting drag, for about a mile, gradually rising and swelling into full cry—'he is up,' 'he is off,' was the exclamation—they went away to the east, down the run, by Mr. Fitzhugh's mill, to Mr. Butcher's, whence they had a sweeping run across an open field. The farmer there vowed they ran well. Turned to the south and went towards Ossian Hall; but that would not do—there was rather too much of open country there for the killing pace at which they drove like devils. Mr. C. was at the point when they were seen to pass through Mr. T. Z. Smith's farm.—Even betting upon which dog would appear in the lead;—one takes Traveller, one Damsel, one Rock, Argus, &c. But, for myself, thinking that Old Hickory (like the president,) was 'hard to beat,' I took him against any named dog, and when that could not be had, against the pack. Sure enough, Old Hickory is ahead, hard at it; and strange to tell, two red foxes come parallel, about 150 yards apart, but no division of the dogs. They were too near to split, and the fox behind, about even with the foremost dogs. They went away towards Accotink, and doubled to the northwest, and bore off to the east, and passed through a fallow field of Mr. D's, then into Mr. Fitzhugh's. Made a short double, and went directly for earth; but one of the company, friendly to killing, had applied the pine brush and dirt to the hole, at which time the fox passed within 50 yards, and seemed to understand that dogs, men and all, were dead earnest upon destruction. She doubled a few times like a grey, to gain distance for a run, when she made good her retreat to a hole in the bank of a branch; (no den, but a mink's or muskrat's hole,) and not being able to get far in, Old Hickory got in, and was in combat with the fox when we came up. The vote was strong for her destruction; but, hoping for a staunch litter of not less than nine from her and her den, I plead for her life.—"Do gentlemen, let her live—spare her life—recollect the many fine runs she and her progeny will give you. Do not let us lose this fine day. The dogs are all fresh, with only a run of a short hour. Let us look for another." It was, after manifest hesitation and reluctance, at last agreed upon; and, after a tiresome hunt, (till about 1 o'clock,) we found another trail, and after all sorts of workings and demonstrations, problems solved, &c. they made it out, about 200 yards to the top of a small hill, in the brush-wood. A burst and a rush for the lead—he is up—he is gone. Now, boys, for it;—we shall see fun. They bore away towards Smith's mill; then turning towards Georgetown ferry, came to Custis' Arlington mill, and after doubling for some time in an ivy hill or cliff, they made a straight run home. But the distance was rather long, and the country very favorable for the dogs; so that reynard was run into and killed; ending the second chase that day in about two hours.

Sporting Magazine.

WESTERN SHOTS.

Cincinnati, Feb. 3, 1832.

Mr. Editor.—Our western marksmen of the present day do not confine themselves to the use of the rifle alone, (like the pioneer "hunters of Kentucky," who despised a "smooth bore,") but handle the fowling piece with equal facility; indeed some use it exclusively. In Cincinnati, and the vicinity, we can boast of some first rate shots, who would be "hard to beat" any where.

A shooting club, recently formed here, will no doubt bring out some fine shooting; an account of which, if acceptable, I shall occasionally furnish for your valuable Magazine. At present, I shall merely give you a brief sketch of a few shots previous to the formation of the club.

Two of our best marksmen went out, one afternoon, snipe shooting. Each killed 14 snipe, making 28; and the 29th was shot at the same instant by both, which they counted as 14 1-2 snipe a-piece. On their way home, in the evening, they called at a pigeon match, and obtaining privilege to shoot, tried each other.

Distance 20 yards—9 birds to each man.

Mr. Corbern killed	- - -	9
Mr. Aumack,	- - -	9

At a match, some time afterwards—Distance 20 yards—17 birds to each man.

Corben killed	-	17
Aumack,	-	16—missed 1—the 17th

At this match very fair shooting was made by others of the party, which I regret being unable to furnish at present.

At another pigeon match—Distance 18 yards—2 birds put into the trap or box, to be let out together—15 birds to each man—both barrels to be used.

Mr. Corben killed his 15 birds at 7 rounds, having shot two at once, which crossed each other.

Mr. Wright killed 11 out of the 15.
Mr. Noble, 11 " "

On other occasions, at 18 to 20 yards—10 birds up—10, 9, 8, and 7, has generally been the result.

Although much improvement is expected from the *younger* members of the club, yet it is very questionable if they will ever be able to excel their *elder* brethren. An emulation, however, is excited among them, which I hope will enable me to report to you hereafter some fine shooting.

To conclude, I shall just mention the game killed by a member of the club in one year, viz.

20 woodcock.
102 snipe.
38 ducks.
66 rabbits.
1226 quails.

1452 in all—57 times out.

Killed also, an abundance of less valuable game, not counted.

Last year, 75 woodcock—other game not yet reported.

I am happy to report to you, that the two last winters (counting the present as one, and presuming it to be nearly over,) have not been so destructive to the patridges in this part of the country as at first apprehended. The western sportsmen highly approve of the humane regulations adopted by their eastern brethren for the preservation of this valuable bird, and will no doubt adopt similar ones when necessary.

Ib.

DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN.

Your angler is apt to be a more meditative and poetical personage than the gunner. He sits by the passing stream, by the hour together, or glides about from eddy to eddy (if trouting) with the coolness and silence of a philosopher. His eye is limited to the peaceful wave; it is never suffered to wander into the air in pursuit of the passing wing, nor is his footstep led away from hill to hill, by the hovering flock or the nimbly-moving animal. He poises the silent and inoffensive rod in his hand, and has little affection for the murderous gun. In comparison with the warlike gunner, he practises the gentle trade and craft of peaceful and civil life. Here are some verses written during a too-bright afternoon in the summer time, when not a fin would wrinkle the surface of the water, nor a gill venture within hail of our seductive hook. At such times it is usual for the fishing line to give place to the line poetical. If the verse is of a drowsy and narcotic nature it is but fair to impute the blame, to the universal slumber of the woods and wilds around, which infuse something of their nodding qualities into the bosom of the bard.

It is not easy to determine whether there is more real pleasure to be derived from the angle or the gun. Some persons are captivated by the stirring excitement of the one, for whom all the quiet and unobtrusive fascination of the other has no charm. But perhaps in most cases it is true that the hand which is familiar with the gun, can wield a skilful rod. The same person who will patiently, (nay, joyfully) sustain the fatigue of the chase, in the woods or on the sea shore with a heavy gun across his arm, will also take delight in following the rout of the running stream, although he was to wade "up to his knees in water." In both, occupations he receives equal and exquisite pleasure, his mind is amused, his bodily strength is increased his slumber is profound and refreshing, he rises with a liberal and a merry heart, and the depressing cares and anxieties that prey upon most slothful minds and body's, never venture to invade him. He is social and happy, and passed through the world like one who is contented to enjoy it as it is, without indulging in vain and wicked repinings, because it is no better.

That picture of the angler! suspended over the door of our good friend Bradlee, how often has it enticed me into the purchase of that fishing and shooting gear so dear to a sportsman's heart, so ineffably dear to his purse. I never pass that tempting bait without casting a longing and wistful glance at the various implements and appliances of fishing craft and shooting craft displayed at the window with such a prodigal and judicious care, and I long to possess them all, and hasten away with them "to the mountains brow," or the forest's heart, or the ocean's border. Behold, the golden profusion! the priceless wealth! exceeding in value the Indian pearl, or barbaric gold. Here are rows of polished hooks, comprehending all shapes and sizes, from that which will conquer the biggest fin that cleaveth the water around Nahant or Nantasket, to that which is suited to the gills of the smallest minnow that sparkles in the pool. Here is an angling creel of snow white twigs, woven, perhaps, by still whiter hands, here the firm net work of the game bag the *water proof* drinking flask, the copper powder-flask, the transparent horn, the double shot belt, the landing net, the gut, hair, grass, and silk lines, buoys of all colors, jointed rods tapering into an almost invisible point, trolling-winches, and an endless variety of gimp, tackle and artificial flies, of most captivating brilliancy.

There has been much controversy among our brother anglers in regard to the best bait for taking both brook and salmon-trout. We have often tried the artificial fly, but without any extraordinary success. In fact, unless you are fortunate enough to select the fly of the proper color and species, you will fail in all your attempts. After many unsuccessful experiments we have been obliged to resort to the old fashioned worm-bait. In autumn when clouds of grasshoppers swarm in the meadows, one of that long-legged gentry proves to be a very killing bait. The white or green worm however (the red has not sufficient tenacity) if skilfully attached to the hook, may be relied on, as not inferior to all others. It is best to thrust two of them upon the hook, taking care to leave bare its tip. One end of each worm should be suffered to hang loosely from the hook, that by its motion it may have the appearance of life. If you do not suffer the fish to gorge this bait it will serve you on many trials. It requires long and careful practice, to enable an angler to cast his line with skill and precision. The common practice is to go to the head of the stream or the pool, and to allow the bait to make its way before you, downwards, till it be caught by some watchful eye, and lodged in some unhappy jaw. But in this case you always pull again the stream, and consequently you more than double the resistance; besides, as all fish catch any bait floating downwards, with their heads turned against the current, it is ten to one but after your bait has been almost as far home in the stomach of the trout, as Jonah was in that of the whale, the trout may open his mouth, and allow you to free him of so inconvenient a meal. Now, instead of fishing with the bait, down a small mountain stream, fish up it. keep a pretty long line, and continue pulling it out and throwing it in; thus, even suppose there is not a single fish in the stream or in the pool which may have the least intention to swallow, many will have a great inclination to look at, to nibble at, and tamper with this danger. During all this floating and circling, during all this nibbling and dallying, you will observe that the trout still keep, in this mode of fishing, betwixt your hook and you; and, accordingly, whenever you choose to call home your hook with a sudden jerk, you have a great chance to come round some fellow's jaws or across his breast, who had no intention to swallow. You must however remember while practising this method to have a strong line and rod, which will bend down almost to your hand, for, in order to accomplish your purpose, you are compelled to draw so powerfully that should you hit upon a root or stone your tackle will be in danger of giving way. It is very difficult to procure in this city a rod thoroughly seasoned, well balanced, and made of proper material. The India joint rods which are so common, cannot be depended upon. They should be made of hard, solid wood, tipt with whale bone, of elasticity and strength. It will be found to be very convenient to attach a short, stout spear-point to the ferule of the rod, which can be thrust into the turf from time to time. Indeed many of the best imported rods are provided with this useful instrument. There is no better sport than that of taking the large salmon-trout. It requires no little generalship to capture this wary rover. It will require all your science as a tactician, in the cautious advance, in the guarded retreat, to outmanœuvre him. If you press him too hotly he will inevitably escape from you, bearing away with him in a triumph, your length of line, hooks and all, as his *opima spolia*, the evidence to his comrades, of his strength and cunning, and of your defeat. A man never looks more like that person which Dr. Johnson maliciously describes an angler to be, than when standing upon a brook side with a rod in his hand, whose line a veteran trout has born away to his cell, some fifteen feet under the bank. The salmon trout abounds in our large lakes and ponds, and is often taken in streams. The following lines by James Hogg one of the sweetest of British poets, I will venture, in consideration of their beauty to insert.

Thou bonny fish from the far sea,
Whose waves unwearied roll
In primitive immensity,
Aye buffetting the pole!
From millions of thy silvery kind
In that wide waste that dwell,
Thou only power and path did'st find,
To reach this lonely dell.

And now my beauty : bold and well
Thy pilgrim-course has been,
For thou like Woodworth's Peter Bell
Hast gazed on Aberdeen!
And all those sweetest banks between,
By Invercauld's broad tree,
The world of beauty hast thou seen
That sleeps upon the Dee.

There oft in silence clear and bright
Thou layest, a shadow still,
In some green nook where with delight
Joins in the mountain rill,
There mid the waters scarce heard boom,
Didst thou float, breathing banks of broom
The wild deer came to drink.

Vain sparry grot and verdant cave
The stranger to detain—
For thou wast wearied of the wave,
And bard voice of the main;
And naught thy heart could satisfy,
But those clear gravelly rills,
Where once a young and happy fry
Thou danced among the hills!

The river rearing down the rocks,
The fierce and foaming linn,
Essayed to stay thee with the shock
The dark and dizzy din—
With wilier malice nets did twist
To perfect thy undoing,
But all those dangers hast thou missed,
True to thy destined ruin!

The poetical angler meant I suppose to insinuate by "True to thy destined ruin," that after listening year after year to "The loud voice of the main," lying like a shadow in security by "Invercauld broad tree," the noble subject of his poem was predestined to die by his hand. Indeed to perish by his hand, would be (in the savage language of Metamora) to "die gloriously." Indeed if he were but half as skillful in casting as in composing lines, no fin could resist or escape him.—*New England Galaxy.*

A Card—Exchange.

☞Editors with whom we exchange will oblige us by inserting the following Card in their papers a few weeks. Country Editors can have *Foreign Newspapers* sent them gratis from this Office, by expressing their wish, in addition to our own, by publishing the following programme.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
AND
LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
A SPORTING PAPER,
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The room is spacious, light and airy, and there are now spread about sixty newspapers, comprising all the Literary, Political and Commercial Papers of the City, and most of those of the principal Cities and Towns of the Union.

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Dr. S. BAKER & SONS,

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New York, February 4, 1832.

TO PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.

THE subscriber, TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER, respectfully informs the TRADE, that he is stereotyping the following valuable works, specimen pages of which will shortly be forwarded to them, with the prices of the stereotype plates affixed to each, and also the price of the copy-right of the Treasury of Knowledge.

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New-York, Jan. 20th, 1832.

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156, BROADWAY,

Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son.

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And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte :
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
That I cannot but willingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich fixtures conveniently placed,
Towels of the whitest French linen,
Razors of rare silver steel,
Indeed I declare, by a deal,
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Bardotte, in his art to advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen's hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And spirit to that of their faces.

His Italian *too*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
At his excellent Dressing Room, oft.

A Friend to Luxury.

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H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

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GEORGE BRUCE.

New-York, Jan 28, 1832.

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A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
OFFICE, CHATHAM-SQUARE, CORNER OF MOTT-STREET.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 7, 1832.

Editors' Correspondence.—The following is an extract from a letter received from a "true Angler," in New-Hampshire, by one of the editors of this paper. He will excuse the liberty we have taken in *publishing* a part of his epistle, it being one of a mere private nature, on receiving a few numbers of our paper. We hope to number him among our regular correspondents.

"The *plan* of the paper is altogether new, as far as I know, in this country. We have been thus far too much of a calculating, business people to devote any time to the amusement of older lands. '*Get Money*' has been their motto, and every moment and every thought, whether sleeping or waking, has been devoted to this object. But as our population is increasing, and wealth and refinement becoming more diffused, a taste for field sports and a desire to learn their history, minutiæ and improvements, is also growing more general—and while all the parties, pursuits and interests of our land, have publications to defend, enlighten and encourage their different supporters, why should not those too who seek "to drive dull care away," have theirs? The number of its subscribers, if I have been rightly informed in this respect, evinces the wishes of the community, and answers the question completely.

"The details of the different interesting fishing excursions actually made my mouth water, and the Trout of Maine and the Green Mountains, and the noble Bass of the Cincinnati Club lay extended in imagination before me in all the *eloquence* of culinary preparation, crying "come eat me!" I remembered and "acted o'er again," the exploits of my childhood, and the thought too of our many rambles over the hills of Vermont, in the days of our college probation. 'Tis true our captives weighed fairly in the balance would be found *minus*, but then, numerically, they were a host. I live in anticipation of farther sport soon, whenever our brooks are sufficiently thawed and lowered, and I hope and trust that my enjoyments will be increased, and my basket filled with the speckled tribe, (weighing rather more than twenty to the pound,) beyond my most sanguine expectations. I only wish you could be in this region, as I know you to be an amateur and an adept in the noble art of angling, to enjoy the pleasure with me."

"Them ere Yankees."—Mr. George B. Raymond has received from the Prince and Princess of Orange, a very complimentary letter, and what is better, an elegant diamond ring and breast-pin. It will be recollected that this gentleman has just returned from his mission to Holland, relative to the jewels of the Princess, stolen by Carrari. His management of the affair has been what might have been expected from a Yankee constable, dexterous and successful. Let us alone for that. We are glad to learn that he has brought with him his *brains*, which stood a chance of *oozing out*, he having received a cut from a horseman in crossing the frontiers between Holland and Belgium, which laid his head open to their manifest danger. The fellow thought probably, that with a little more brains, *he* might discover the remainder of the jewels.—*couldn't get 'em.*

Mr. John Cook, whose *obituary* was published in several papers, last Saturday, "in consequence of over-exertion at the late fire in Amity-lane," has concluded that he shall live a while longer for all that. He's just as good a right as some other people, as he, with three brothers are meritorious members of the Fire Department!

Cabbaging.—Three complaints were made last week against a young man, a tailor, for cabbaging cloth from different peeple, and when he had got as much as he could carry off, he "made tracks" for Philadelphia. If this is the way all those who *cabbage* are to be treated, it may affect the price current. We thought from established custom *some* people had a right.

The folloing horrid occurrence, it is said took place in a lonely house at the Camp de Lune, arrondissement of St. Menehould. The account is extracted from the *Echo de l'Est:*

"A person of the department of the Marine, who had about him a sum of 800 francs, was arrested at the close of the day in a forest, by a fellow who demanded his purse or his life. 'My purse is light,' said he, 'six francs is all that it contains.' 'Give them,' said the robber, 'and pass on your way.' The traveller was scarcely out of the woods, when perceiving a light in the fields, and afraid of being attacked by other thieves, he thought it prudent to direct himself towards a lonely house and ask for refuge. He there found a woman alone, to whom he related what had happened to him, not forgetting to add, that by his presence of mind, he had saved his 800 francs. The woman readily consented to give him a bed, and conducted him to a back room. Her husband, who was no other than the thief of the forest, came in soon after, and she told him what he already half knew. The worthy couple immediately laid a plan to assassinate their guest, which was fortunately overheard by the traveller, who armed himself with a heavy stick, and resolutely awaited his murderers. The husband seizing a large kitchen knife, and the woman a hatchet, went straight to the stranger's room. The door was barricaded; they broke it open, a conflict ensued in the dark, in which the stranger, by a blow with his stick, felled the husband to the earth. The woman concluding that it was the traveller whom she heard fall, struck several blows with her hatchet on the head of her victim, and thus accomplished the death of her husband. Justice is enquiring into the circumstances; but if these facts be exact, Divine Justice has already avenged society."

Pleasant Parties.—What is more desirable than a pleasant, lively party of lads and lasses? New-York has always been celebrated for them, so *recherche*, so brilliant, so entertaining, and so various. We do not often meet with one, which has gone off with greater *eclat* than the following, which we copy from a late number of the Courier.—"Five young men, principally bakers, were arrested yesterday for having stabbed a woman, and attempted to stab a man in an affray which occurred on Tuesday evening, at a party in Varick-street. Three of the persons gave in bail for their appearance, the two others are committed to Bridewell.

"To sleep—perchance to dream."

Beds of *cast iron*, are advertised in the English papers. Pray, how often do they require *making up?*

Original Anecdote.—A member of our legislature, from one of the interior towns, from the cares of business at home, grew thin and poor in the Calvin Edson sense of the word. On his arrival at the metropolis, the good fare of a good Boston landlord, and the relaxation from business, (every body knows that it is no great affair to say yea or nay in the House of Representatives,) caused him to grow fleshy and corpulent to such a degree as almost to excite the surprise of his brother legislators. Surprise turned to laughter is the most exciting of all laughter; and it was so in this case, when some incorrigible wag wrote with chalk upon the back of the member's overcoat, "*Fatted at the expense of the State.*" This brief explanation of his sudden rotundity of countenance and figure, the Hon. member in question unconsciously carried with him nearly a whole day—much to the amusement of his brethren—"at the expense of the state."—*Lowell Journal.*

A Young Hero.—We copy the following from the Wilmington Journal :—"The following extraordinary circumstance occurred about a fortnight ago, in the family of Mr. Eagle, a respectable farmer, living at the junction of the French Town and Red Lion roads, about eight miles from this city. Mr. Eagle and his wife had gone from home to spend the night, leaving in his house his son of about twelve years of age, a nephew of the same age, a daughter of about eight years of age, and a negro boy and girl—the boy about 20 years of age. In the evening, when the children were about retiring for the night, the black boy came into the room and manifested the most brutal intentions towards the little girl, took up a loaded musket which was in the room, and threatened the boys with instant death if they interfered. The boys, who both displayed remarkable presence of mind and intrepidity throughout the whole affair, contrived to secure the musket, and force the young ruffian from the room. After securing the door, the boys retired to their bed and the little girl to hers, in the same room. They had been but a short time in bed, when the negro returned to the door, and with violent threats and imprecations began to force it with a heavy instrument, with which he broke through the pannel, and was making his way into the room, when young Eagle, who had the musket alongside of his bed, and was coolly watching the operation, took deliberate aim at the villain and shot him through the breast, of which wound he died in a few hours. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and found the facts as we have related them."

Yankee-ism.—A cotemporary in a late paper gives us a new device for "bilking the constable," which though not successful in this instance, is a *pretty cute 'un.*

One of our watermen, who had not found it convenient to pay a small debt, which had long been in arrears, observed the approach of a constable the other day, whom he supposed was furnished with a process for his arrest. Being anxious for a little longer delay, he took a small boat, and rowing himself near the Bergen shore of the river, anchored his vessel, as he conceived out of the jurisdiction of Essex County, and beyond the grasp of the officer. His situation being rather lonely, and his condition such as to invite repose, he laid himself down in the bottom of his boat, and soon fell into a profound sleep. The officer apprehending some catastrophe of this kind had befallen the fugitive, rowed over in another boat to the anchored vessel, and finding his suspicions well-founded gently weighed anchor, and conducted the object of his pursuit to the Essex shore. After he had thus got within his own jurisdiction again, he awoke the absconding debtor, congratulated him on his safe return, conducted him to the magistrate's office, and secured the debt for which he was arrested.

A Lady's Opinion of Clubs.—Clubs are just a modification of monasteries—places of refuge from female attentions; and as in former days, the finest architecture, the best situation, the most elaborate cuisine, the most refined cellar, are devoted to their use. The principal modern improvements, are the omission of fasting and penance, and substitution of Magazines for Missals. "Whoso enters here, leaves hope behind," should be the Wednesday's (Athenæum ladies' night) motto. The deep crimson of the walls is alone enough to annihilate a thousand of the rose coloured visions which haunted last night's quadrille. All a young lady should pray for, is a severe lingering fit of illness, to impress her debating lover of a just feminine valuation; fevers and agues are the best stepping stones to the hymeneal altar.—*Miss Landon's Romance and Reality.*

A Mistake of Courtship.—Personal resemblances are no doubt very frequently so strong as to be confounded easily. I knew an instance of a person paying his addresses to one sister, and offering it to the other by mistake, was accepted and married; and he did not discover the blunder until he found that his spouse cared not for the charms of music and accomplishment, which the original object of his affections possessed. I also knew of an instance in which a person ran away with a young lady, where he thought he made a sudden conquest; but it turned out that she mistook him for his brother. Since, however, the ancients personated love as blind, such little mistakes are not to be wondered at, although to the cool observant eye of the naturalist, perhaps, the trifling discrepancies overlooked occasionally will always be manifest.—*Metropolitan.*

Irish Wit.—In a market town not 60 miles from Glasgow, the following dialogue took place between an Irish reaper considerably under the common stature,) and a countryman. Irishman—"Do you ever want any body for the harvest?" Countryman—"Yes." Irishman—"Will you take me?" Countryman—"No, ye're too wee." Irishman—"Arrah, now, and do you cut your corn at the *top?*"